

POETS *and* ARTISTS

O&S FALL 2010 VOLUME 3 ISSUE 8

interview with

Frank Bernarducci

featuring the

Bernarducci.Meisel.Gallery



also inside

Jenny Morgan

Jeremy Geddes

Michael-Earle Carlton

Eric Stevens

Jon Hul

and more

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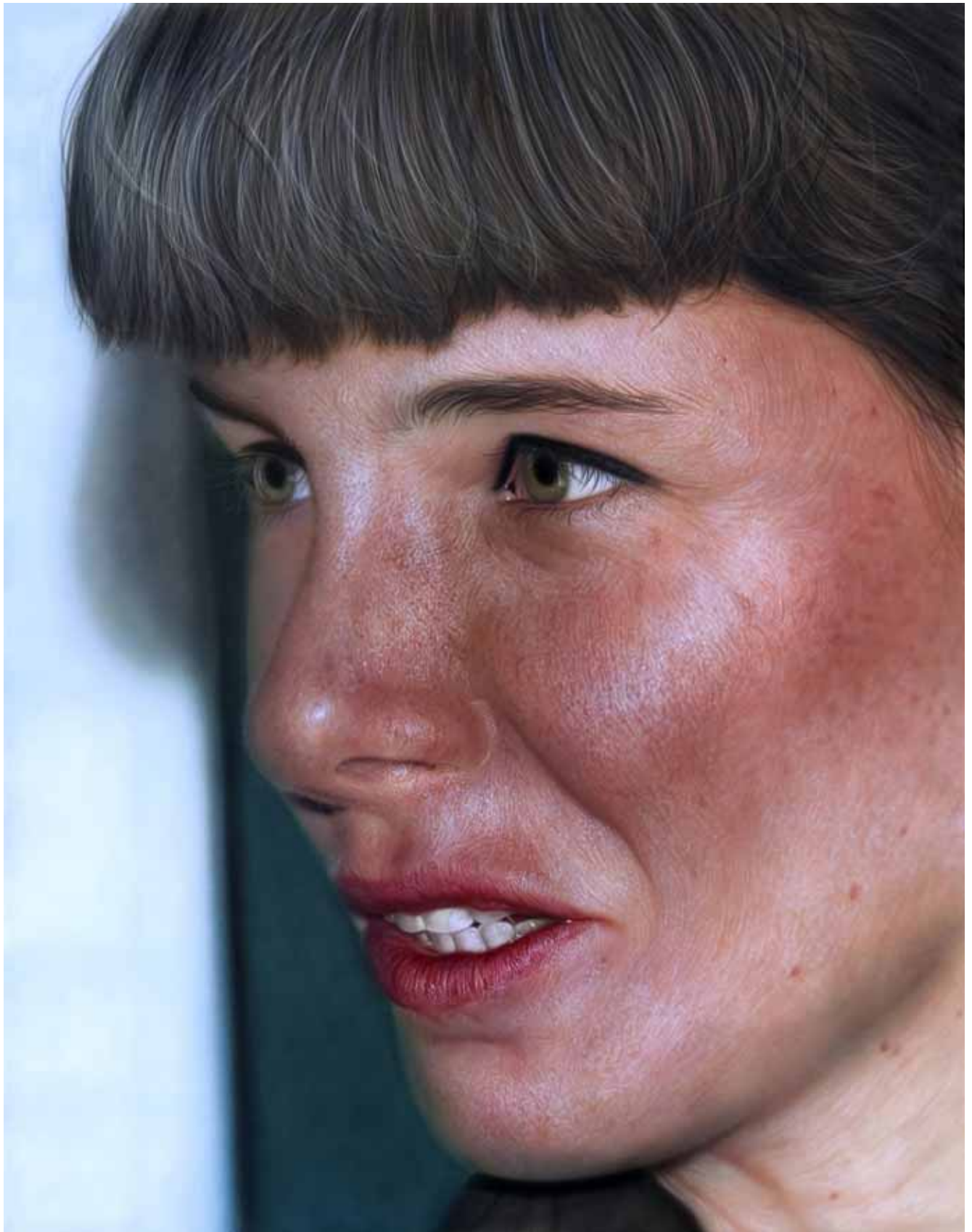
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Kamalky Laureano

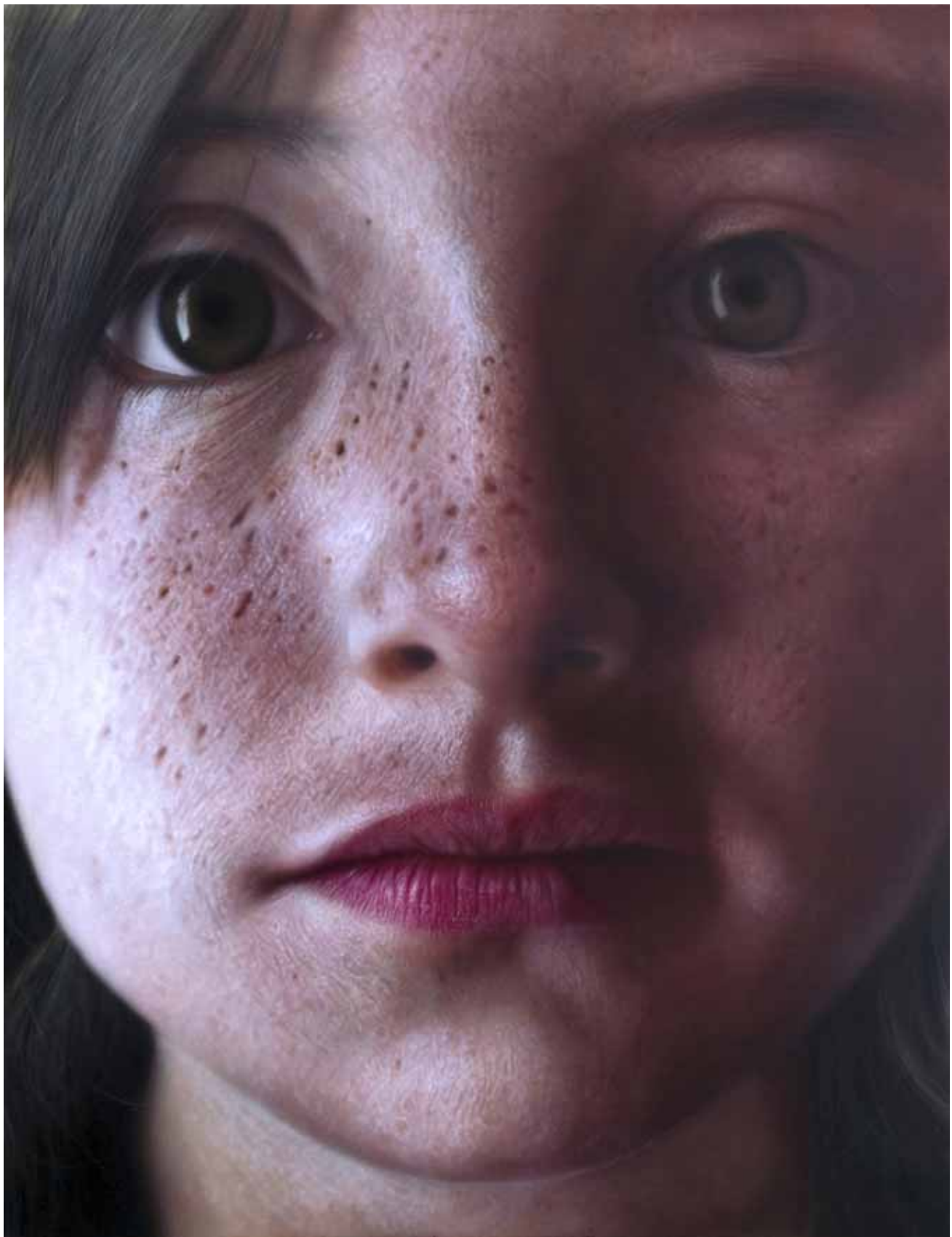
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KAMALKY LAUREANO was born in the Dominican Republic in a town called Higüey on the east region of the country where the only source of art was local honest people trying to survive selling paintings of the beach and animals. During the time he spent in school, nothing interested him as much as drawing which he started at the age of four. By the time school ended, he knew he wanted to major in art, so at the age of 18 in 2002, he began to study in the fine art school of Santo Domingo. Two years later he changed to Altos de Chavon School of Design affiliated parsons, NY. Laureano has been the winner of 2 regional contests in his country 2001, 2002, and his work has been exhibited in France, Mexico, as well as the Dominican Republic. He has shows forthcoming in Mexico and New York.



Marina acrylic on canvas 140cm x 180cm



Paulina from the dream of change series acrylic on canvas 140cm x 180cm

“Forms of perception reaching perfection gives life to a moment that no longer exists is a portal to that reality that I dream. It narrates the human condition, it portrays a thought that translated to canvas awakens the subconscious and makes us feel part of everything for an instant. My work is an action to keep human emotion alive that dies every day in the arms of technology, and the irony seems to be my weapon in this cold war that never ends.” KAMALKY LAUREANO

Q&A KAMALKY LAUREANO

Do you have a ritual you follow before each new work is started?

With time I've developed a work habit. but, I do sometimes stare at the canvas for long periods of times, getting familiar with the sense of the space. I hate hot temperatures, so, I need to be as comfortable as I can get before I start painting.

What is your hidden talent?

Guitar/Chess.

I play the guitar, used to be part of a band years ago – mostly Blues, Jazz, Instrumental, Rock. During the process of my work I play as some sort of =source of ideas, it's my relaxing pill.



Farah oil on canvas 180cm x 240 cm

I played chess from 1997 to 2006. I participated in several national and regional competitions in my country and also in Mexico City.

What medium have you not used in the past that you may wish to try out?

I've always had the curiosity of implementing the encaustic technique in my work, but for the moment I think that my work has taken a different course where the encaustic wouldn't play an important roll.

How does your family life come

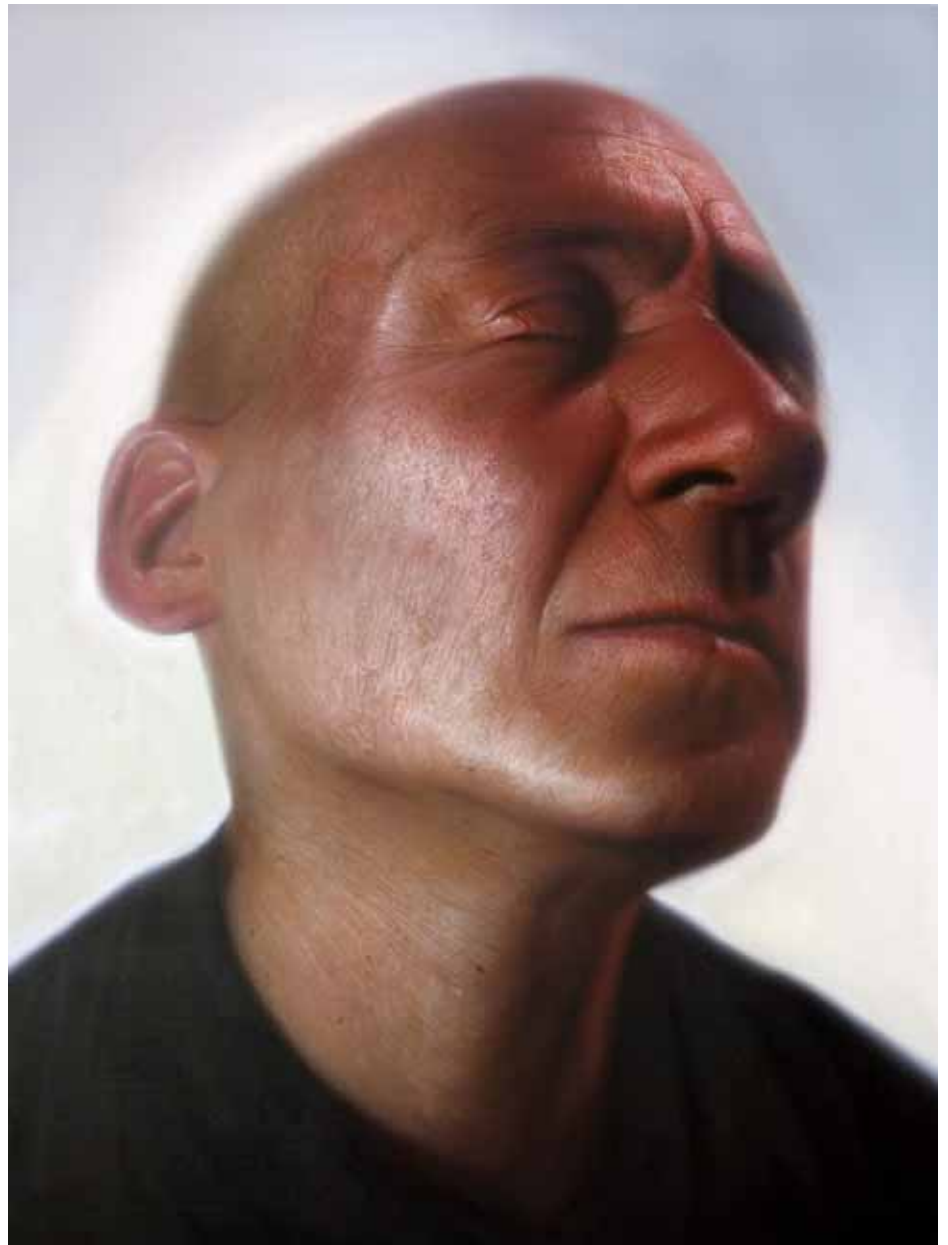
into play with your artistic life?

No one in my family's history has ever been an artist, I ask myself from time to time, how come I'm doing this, and why ?

Children most of the time copy what they see at home, they are influenced by their fathers.

What supplies must you have in your studio before you start any new piece?

I need music, food—so I don't need to go out and lose connection with the work—and of course a nice mood.



Insomnia II acrylic on canvas 150cm x 200cm

Explain your process.

I've been experimenting with different ways of creating portraits. From using the grid lines to absorb every little details of the image using brushes, to working the whole painting with and airbrush. Also intensive drawing practice using ink,

In 2009 and part of the present year, I began to experiment with the Chuck Close's idea from the late 70's. Using the cmyk layer process, painting layers of yellow, magenta, blue to create the full

color image.

At the moment I'm mixing small abstract forms with the layer process to resemble roads of forms living freely on our faces.

How have social networks such as Facebook, Twitter and others come into play with your art?

Social networks play an important roll in publicity. Not only do you get to show your work, but you get to know more artists. Maybe not every artist or art idea has the need for the public to

make sense. My images sometimes they lack of human emotion and absorb the viewer's ones.

Other times they are full of energy and are a source for others who are in need.

Finish this sentence: In an ideal situation I would be in the same publication with the following artists

Jan Vermeer, Rembrandt, Brueghel, Chuck Close. Wasily Kandinsky, Gottfried Helnwein, Albert Durer, Dirk Dzimirsky.



commissioned portrait
acrylic on canvas
200cm x 150 cm



the dream of change
acrylic on canvas
210cm x 170 cm



Issac II acrylic on canvas 150cm x 210cm

Introspective: Issac II

Portraits usually take me 8 to 10 days to complete. This is one that took me 30 days of hard work. It's one of the paintings that has challenged me the most. Every work has its own story, sometimes I remember them when listening to some particular music or walking on the streets.

The primal idea for this painting was to capture light as it is, I did shoot the original photograph of the person outdoors beneath the sun. Using grids I translated every possible form to my canvas, first painting in monochromatic tones and then the colors.



Hermes Velásquez **AUTORRETRATO**

"Every man's work, whether it be literature, or music or pictures or architecture or anything else, is always a portrait of himself." Samuel Butler



A young man must reach a crossroads in his life, deciding whether he wishes to tread the pathways expected or shun the assured and turn toward a direction that may be an unknown, a calling, the voice of a private muse. Hermes Velásquez has heeded that muse, leaving a successful career in telemarketing to enter an art academy and pursue his dream. Born in Venezuela, where he studied and worked, unable to afford to devote time to his artistic urges, Velásquez moved to Bogotá, Colombia three years ago to enter the Fabula S.A. Academy of Arts to study painting. Now, having graduated he continues to advance his studies with additional courses in figure drawing and painting. An indication of his area of interest in the arts at this point in his career is found in the title of his graduation exhibition: **Portraits with No Names.**

"I do not paint a portrait to look like the subject, rather does the person grow to look like his portrait." Salvador Dali

Hermes Velásquez questions art of art history as well as art being created today. His works for this review of his art are a special vantage of the self portrait – the *autorretrato* in Spanish. Some background information: self portraits have been made throughout history, yet it was not until the mid 1400s that artists depicted themselves whether as the sole subject of a painting or as important characters in their larger canvases. One tool necessary to examine the 'subject' in the studio was of course the mirror, the only reliable



reflective surface where the artist could examine and recreate his self image: the earliest example of the mirror enhanced self portrait is the 1433 panel self portrait of Jan van Eyck.

The creative mind of Hermes Velásquez approaches this mesmerizing history of portraits with a different viewpoint. 'Based on the fact that a portrait is made up of both the representation of somatic features and the psychological individual expression, my artwork is inclined to reach a portrait without the imitation of the distinctive features of the subject or model. A portrait is more than an equal representation of features and characteristics; it is a unique artistic creation, unrepeatable, where what you capture takes its own life, burning above the painting, with a mysterious charming of the unique. This is much more than the faithful imitation of the model, and the subjection of the genius artist's rigid rules.

'Is it possible to make a portrait only based on a representation of clothes fitting of one individual, bodily gestures or objects? Based on the idea that something like clothing or a body gesture can strongly identify a particular individual, then it is possible to assume that is not necessary to use the face to get to the individualization of the subject and to have so a true picture.

'From my point of view, if a work of art that uses clothing, I mean the whole garment or outdoor clothing that covers the body, leads viewers to identify the person represented, as the only one able to wear this dress with its composition, colors and shapes, then this painting is a portrait.'

And so we have views of the artist selected from portions of the standing figure with a hand and cigarette, a seated figure relaxed in a chair, a collage of the elements of the artist's craft, a composition still life of his shoes and jacket, and an image in gouache of the artist's mouth exhaling smoke - one of the more abstract of his creations. And yet from these few examples Hermes Velásquez has proven his point: elements identified with his persona offer us a unique but convincing portrait of the artist. Watching how his career develops after his continued studies at the Academy, a time when he will be concentrating on the human figure as a whole, will be fascinating after this glimpse into the early stages of his new life as an artist.



"When you start with a portrait and try to find pure form by abstracting more and more, you must end up with an egg."

Pablo Picasso





Lacey Lewis has had an interest in drawing the human form since the age of 13, and that curiosity has grown exponentially each year since then. She was first inspired by J. E. Millais's image of the drowned Ophelia, which she came across by accident as she was pretending to study in the school library. This love of the portrayal of the dramatic, both spectacular beauty and tragedy, has followed Lewis into the present.

Currently Lacey Lewis is focused on two series of paintings; one consists of portraits of burlesque and circus-type performers in full costume, while the other represents a modern version of the Seven Deadly Sins on large-scale canvases. The former series will be exhibited at Strecker-Nelson Gallery in Manhattan, KS this September in an exhibit titled, "Sideshow." The Sins paintings are scheduled to be completed in time for an April 2011 show at Hilliard Gallery in Kansas City, MO.



Vanity oil on canvas 42"x72"



"I paint images of the human form to create narratives that fuse contemporary and traditional ideas. Focusing almost completely on women as my subject, I often incorporate historical or religious themes to evoke familiar sentiments and relate them to the modern world."

LACEY LEWIS

Lucky DeLuxe
oil on canvas 30" x 24"



Crazy Boy Coy oil on canvas 24"x18"



Jason Divad oil on canvas 30"x24"

Q&A LACEY LEWIS

How have social networks such as Facebook, Twitter, and others come into play with your art?

Initially, artists' forums allowed me to experience high-caliber art by living artists that I otherwise wouldn't have been exposed to, and to learn from them by reading their posts and showing my own work for critique. Now, networks like Facebook and YouTube help me to connect with more artists who share similar artistic interests, gain a wider audience for my art, and be inspired daily when I see new work by others.

What is your preferred medium and why?

I like working with oils because I am fond of the way it handles, allows for extended painting sessions and more control over the appearance of brushstrokes. There's a rich, deep color you can get with oil paint that I have rarely

seen achieved in other media, and there's also a connection I feel to the tradition of oil painting started by the Old Masters.

Have you ever edited your work or censored anything for fear of offending someone?

Perhaps I have... Besides nudity, I also have painted scenes and subject matter that can make people uncomfortable. I do worry that if I only paint nudes, or I only focus on dark narratives, I will limit my audience, push viewers away, and ultimately make my work unsalable. While these themes will always be a favorite of mine, I have begun to explore expressive costuming in recent works and this has both been fun for me as a painter and generated positive feedback.

What tool/supply can you not live/work without?

Hands down: Paper! I've been

obsessed with paper since preschool at the latest. I remember somehow getting a hold of several boxes of stationary and envelopes with fancy metallic linings around age 5. I used it for writing, drawing, building, folding origami, and who knows what else. There was (still is) something satisfying about feeling the different textures and weights and seeing how they responded to pens, pencils, etc. I've never been able to turn down the opportunity to pick up a new sketchbook or try a new type of paper. I always have a sketchbook with me, and draw from life in the studio at least weekly so I use up a lot of paper. (My apologies and thanks to all trees involved.)

In an ideal situation I would be in the same publication with the following artists:

Steven Assael, Artemisia Gentileschi, David Kassan, John Everett Millais, Alphonse Mucha.



Step 1



Step 2



Step 3



Step 4



Eartha Delights oil on panel 24" x 18"

Explain your process.

I start with quick, small sketches to work out possible compositions before meeting with my model(s). Unexpected changes occur when I see new possibilities during my time with the model, and I usually head home with hundreds of photos to sort through. I never use just one photograph as reference for my paintings; there are always nuances in various poses that I prefer, so I tend to combine them all into one image in my paintings, and may also incorporate additional figures, sketches from life, and props that were not included in any photo shoot. I use Photoshop to preview the whole composition before I divide my canvas into sections and draw in the design freehand with charcoal. My preference is to start with charcoal as opposed to oil paint because I tend to make several corrections and adjustments in my drawing. Next, I paint directly on top of the drawing with undiluted, full color oil paint, trying to be as accurate as possible with my values and hues while still delaying details until the final layers.



Lust oil on canvas 72"x48"



Introspective: Lust

This painting was a huge challenge for me, as it was my first large-scale multi-figure painting that incorporated imagined elements and symbolism. Never before had I painted more than one nude in a composition, much less 3 1/2 nudes, nor had I ever painted an octopus in an invented situation. My goal was to convey a scene where nothing sexual was happening in the literal sense, but where the sensuality was obvious through body language. The three women with devil masks, representative of lustful thoughts and reminiscent of the Greek Sirens, ensnare the main figure while the tentacles of an octopus, popular in Japanese erotic art, entangle the entire group.

Initially, I had only three figures in a cascading layout, but after a critique by an artist I respect and admire, I rearranged the composition and included the additional figure in the background. I wanted to keep the background relatively simple, since the canvas was already pretty full, yet still convey the feeling of an eerie sky and fire below without literally painting flames or a landscape. Overall I am happy with the new direction this painting took, but most importantly I learned a ton while working on it and those lessons help me as I continue to tackle bigger challenges in my current efforts.

W. M. Lobko

W. M. Lobko has published poetry in *Seneca Review*, *Washington Square*, *Epicenter*, *Post Road*, and *Poet Lore*. He holds an MFA from the University of Oregon, and now teaches at Saint David's School in New York, NY. *Food Bed Gospel*, his first poetry manuscript, seeks a publisher.



On the Ohio Turnpike

How will it play in Toledo, Jon, this new
fuck you to patriots whose daughters & sons
make Xs & 1s in vigorous shipshape rows
at reveille? The base had nothing for you,
no send-off or promise to write, the bunk
you left unmade was some scared kid's
first task. How will it sound in Maumee where
the football stadium sliding slowly past lifts
a tiny ball two pixels wide above its rim
& the wound-up weekend crowd erupts?
How dare I do 90 on the Turnpike, taking
your route past the waiting state trooper
for whom I duck my head as I slow,
whose brother-in-arms in New York knocked
on the family door to end our Christmas,
who bore the news you ripped up your oath?
How will it sound when they hear I never
sharpened a stick expressly to spear frogs
as you did, never taught my body the fine
elbow-&-wrist arcana it takes to bury a Bowie
knife tip-first in soft wood, could never
dissemble the sidearm that gleams on his hip,
could never release its clip or clear its chamber
of the one brass round like your cordite word?
Won't some Sergeant arrest this breakneck progress?
Now what now I've made it past Norwalk & Parma,
Strongsville & Kent? What else is there to do
in Chagrin Falls? When I say I rush after you,
I am hot on your trail like a marshal, it's only true
at times like these, this feedback loop
in the echo chamber Ohio becomes in my car,
a clopped-out cadence or Sonic Youth or *Double-
Nickels on the Dime*, where as far as these towns
appearing & vanishing like white dotted lines
are concerned I'm nothing but proof about Doppler,
they don't want to hear how I can't cut you off
at the pass or that you've long since passed
their chrome silos & big greens, their A-frame barns
beside glorious zoysia exploding toward nothing.

Introspective: *On the Ohio Turnpike*

When I taught high school freshmen in Las Vegas, I would play a dictionary Word of the Day race game. We had a class set of paperback Merriam-Websters; each desk had one stored in its wire basket underbelly, so everyone had a copy at hand. Pretty much daily, we'd race: someone would name a word from whatever text we were reading, or from some other independent source. "On the Ohio Turnpike" grew most directly out of one particularly interesting Word of the Day Race: since we were in the poetry unit, and since my students knew I wrote poetry, some weisenheimer challenged me to use that day's words in a sestina. On the heady feeling of having won the Race that day (I didn't always), I accepted, only to find that among my assigned words were "arcana," "oath," and—accursedly, I thought—"zoysia." I'm still a believer in setting goals that sound arbitrary at first—"Write with zero punctuation!" I'll tell myself, or I'll ask my girlfriend for a first word, any word, and she'll call back "Relampago!" and I'll set earnestly to work—but this seemed too far gone even for me. For weeks they clamored to know how the sestina was coming; for weeks I looked at the words and despaired.

When I finally started to write with these words, the sestina challenge quickly slipped from my mind, although some of the words remained as focusing points. Or mile-markers. What took shape tapped into a subject deeper and more abiding than Words of the Day, namely, the suicide of my brother. He took a cross-country road trip not long after I first did. While his end result was bleaker, and while ultimately he never made it home, the long drive with plenty to think about remains one of my favorite pursuits. This poem is—and many of my poems are, and my novel is—fascinated with that idea of travelling in the footsteps of a friend or kinsmen: how has what's seen along the roadside changed us? How has it changed? Is some sort of congress with an absent other possible? What if I take the exact same roads and/or play the exact same music? (Highlights from my eight cross-country trips include synergetic moments, confluences, between the landscape and a song off one of the 24 CD-Rs made from my brother's MP3 holdings.) While this poem posits an answer, objectively I am less sure—it'd be more precise to say I'm still exploring, or driving. Re-reading the poem now, I'm pleased with the amount of lived biography—mine as well as his—that's crammed onto a page of lines. Some of the lines knuckle up with sounds that I think my brother, who was not a reader, would have liked. And the f-bomb we would have high-fived over.

Eric Stevens

ericstevensart.com

“I am interested in the relationships between complex detail and simple composition, classical rendering of form and modern reduction. I think there is an interesting tension there.”



Eric K Stevens spent his formative years in Hawaii, where the natural beauty of the islands had a sublime and profound influence that he still feels today. After a career in graphic design and illustration, he turned his attention entirely to painting while living in Prague from 2002 to 2005. This was a significant time, allowing him to pursue his passion completely and gain invaluable exposure to the arts landscape of many different cultures while traveling throughout Europe. He has called Fort Worth home since 2005. Stevens is a member of the Texas Artists Coalition, and the International Guild of Realism. His works can be found in private and corporate collections nationally and internationally.





Orchid N°2 oil on canvas 60"x36"

White Gladiolas N°1 oil on white birch panel 12"x24"





Cape Lookout N°2 oil on canvas 48"x 36"

"My current works include a series of landscapes. These are executed with a distanced perspective, a cool and subdued palette, and a sense of emptiness. The specific geographic locations chosen as subjects for these range from the American Southwest to Central Europe to Mediterranean islands, but are almost incidental in the finished product. The idea of capturing some of these locations in this way had been banging around in my head for a while, but it was reading Cormac McCarthy's novel *The Road* and Umberto Eco's *Mysterious Flame of Queen Loana* that was a prime incentive for me realizing this series of paintings. A lot of my work describes simple organic forms, like flowers. These paintings often use vibrant true-to-life color to depict the subjects, while their settings take the subjects out of their expected contexts. The perspective and scale furthers this, isolating the subject, and bringing the viewer closer."

ERIC STEVENS

Q&A ERIC STEVENS

Do you have a ritual you follow before each new work is started?

Before any painting takes place I develop a fairly detailed mental image of the image, factoring in the visual formula I will use for the specific piece. I can usually figure out how to execute the final painting this way.

What is your hidden talent?

I've recently picked up baking. I started with things like biscuits, and quickly moved on to rustic breads, pizza, cookies and babka. From scratch, of course. My family has a traditional cookie that requires a specific kind of image be pressed into the dough before baking them, which for me growing up always added to the specialness of it, like a ritual. I've always loved eating good bread in a weird, almost compulsive way, so part of me revered baking, and I may



Cluster of Trees oil on canvas 60"x 36"

have put off learning to bake because I felt it was such a big deal, such a cool thing to do. And its process has its own magic, it's more like alchemy, in a way.

What medium have you not used in the past that you may wish to try?

Not sure if I'll remain merely an appreciator or if I'll eventually tackle it, but the other discipline I imagine working with one day is film direction. Too many ideas piling up.

What supplies must you have in your studio before you start any new piece?

Proper light, clean brushes, and a mostly thought-out idea.

What will be your signature painting?

"Cluster of Trees": I always love the most recently-finished piece the most. I'm also very fond of the big Orchids paintings. Luckily, other folks have their own favorites, and so the world continues to turn.

Explain your process.

Each painting, or series of paintings, has to obey a set of rules, like a formula. I'll come up

with a subject, and also determine the best formula for executing the piece. Things like palette, the use of reference images, compositioning, visual factors, canvas size and shape, length of time used for completion; all these things can be effected. For me it's part of the creative process. How I paint is just as important to me as what I paint. A formula must be decided upon for the subject at hand. You can see the shifting of formulae between the different subjects I paint: I paint landscapes very differently than florals, for example. Sometimes inspiration for the formula I will use comes from a piece of artwork, something that has nothing to do with what I intend to do, and usually it's not a painting. Other times it is more conceptual, a feeling, or an atmospheric thing like the air and the lighting. All these things help set up the rules that control the process.

How has your family life come into play with your art?

My wife, and often my close friends when they are available, will

get pulled in to serve as a second pair of eyes. I think most painters are like this. Like writers, we miss things sometimes, especially with larger works. Conversation with friends will often also help a gestating idea come to term, either directly or indirectly, sometimes without their even knowing it.

How have social networks such as Facebook, Twitter and others come into play with your art?

I think it allows your collectors a great way to share their appreciation of your work with you, and it's one more way they can keep up with exhibition news. Being able to casually network with artists you admire is empowering for collectors as well as other artists.

Finish this sentence. In an ideal situation I would be in the same publication with the following artists:

Andres Serrano, Marilyn Minter, Robert Mapplethorpe, Gerhard Richter, Rembrandt, Francis Bacon, Salvador Dalí, Gustave Courbet.



Czech Republic oil on canvas 48"x24"

Introspective: Czech Republic

My first landscape was "Czech Republic". For me the painting of this piece, this kind of subject in this way, was a major growing-period. Until then, the majority of my work

depicted subjects like brightly-colored organic forms, flowers and parts of bodies and things in close-up, cropped compositions often with a tight depth of field. Most of what I had been working on up until this point shared a

visual sensibility, and here was a chance to do something completely new.

I knew I wanted to incorporate landscape paintings into my body of work, even though it seemed stylistically to



me to be a huge leap. I started by plotting out what visual language was needed to best depict what I wanted to do with landscapes. There were some cues from art history that were a factor, and some things from experiencing

Nature firsthand; Inspiration comes to us in many ways.

Developing another set of visual rules to work with is almost like using another language, with it's own strengths and weaknesses, it's own character.



And Aeneas stares into her helmet, and what we know of war and ourselves: an interview with the poet

Tiffany Higgins

From the earliest written works of history, poetry has been used as a literary device to chronicle war.

The epic poem, *The Iliad*, attributed to Homer, is one of the oldest works in literature, recounting the hand-to-hand combat with sword and shield between the heroes and soldiers of the Greek armies and the Trojans. Though the poem focuses on the final battles during the final weeks of that 10-year war, *The Iliad* is famous for depicting the legendary battles that pitted hero against hero and god against god, so significant the war seemed to all involved.

From *The Iliad*, readers are introduced to moral characteristics and concepts that still find a place in the speeches and sermons of today — concepts such as Fate, Glory/Fame, and Homecoming; and moral characteristics such as Respect, Honor, Bravery, and Wrath.

During the years of World War I, the war poet Wilfred Owen (second lieutenant in the Manchester Regiment) became one of the most acclaimed of the era's poets because he was able to add that real-life, flesh-and-blood perspective to the "subject [of] War, and the pity of War"[1], especially those stationed at the edge of the infamous killing field known as No Man's Land. From poems such as "Dulce et Decorum Est" and "Anthem for Doomed Youth," readers are introduced to the horrors of fighting trench-warfare, which unleashed a terrible death upon soldiers from endless rounds from stuttering rifles, storms of green, poisonous gas clouds, and from the "demented wailing" of shell attacks. Owens also

shed light on the psychological effects of warfare due from the diseases, starvation, and the madness from fatigue and the uncertainty that filled the seconds, minutes, and hours of each unending day and endless night.

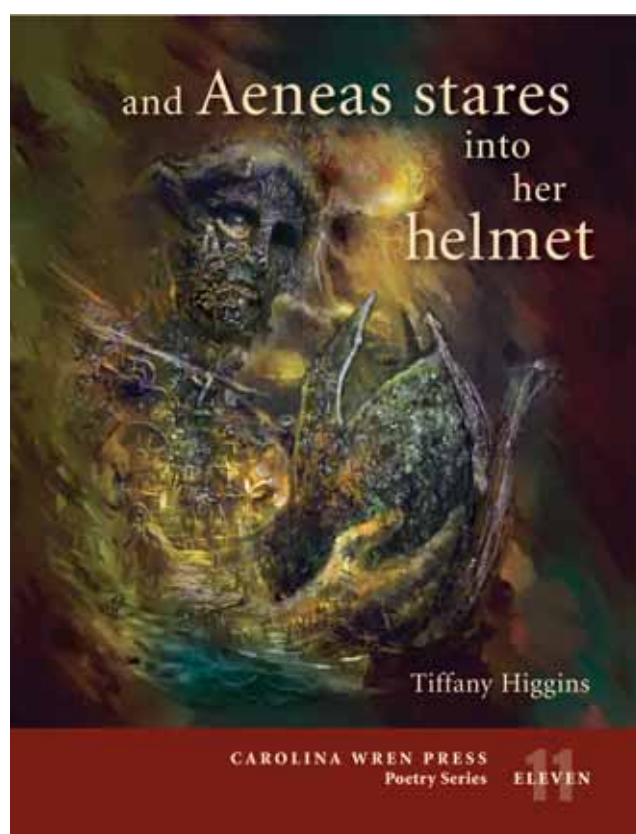
In our more recent history, war poets have been honored for their collections of poetry regarding their experiences of war. This is the case with the most recognized war poet of the Vietnam War, Michael Casey, (military police officer in Vietnam's Quang Nga province) whose debut collection, *Obscenities*, won him the 1972 Yale Younger Poets Award.

Brian Turner's debut collection, *Here, Bullet*, based on his experience as an infantry team leader with the 3rd Stryker Brigade Combat Team in Iraq, won the 2005 Beatrice Hawley Award.

Poetry on the home-front of war has proved just as significant over the years.

In 2008, Tiffany Higgins submitted her first collection of poetry *And Aeneas stares into her helmet* to the Carolina Wren Press poetry contest for 2008. And won!

Aeneas is a collection of poems about a young woman narrator who tries to grapple with the effects of the Iraq war, not only as the civilian that she is, but also imagines herself as a U.S. soldier, an Iraqi civilian, and even a faceless victim. Wrestling with the religious, patriotic, and social mores that shaped her childhood and youth, Higgins carefully analyzes and reassesses the meaning and significance of war in the face of the incessant news reports of



bombings, shootings, beheadings, and revelations of torture. To accurately reflect the complex and nuanced nature of battle, and especially her own harrowing and disturbing journey from innocence to knowledge/experience, Higgins' introduces us to characters drawn from her own life and also creates a soldier-hero who adds the flesh-and-blood-reality to the life lived in the war zone. This is the birth of a modern-day Aeneas.

Higgins' poetry depicting the scenes of war, the politics of war, and how the U.S. people seem divorced from the reality of what happens in war, is utterly compelling. Most poignant, however, is the narrator's inner transformation that occurs before our eyes. Higgins' work is intelligent, fascinating, disturbing, heart-rending, engaging, and brilliant.

***And Aeneas stares into her helmet* is a multi-layered, weighty, and solidly constructed work one equates to a seasoned poet. Yet this is a debut. How long have you been writing poetry?**

Thanks so much for inviting me to talk with you, Michael, and for your kind words about the book. I share your admiration for Iraq veteran Brian Turner's work. When I began writing poems for the book in 2001, I'd been writing poetry for about a dozen years. From this time, I prepared a book-length collection, autobiographical work based upon my family life growing up in Massachusetts; I'm currently revising this work.

Then, in 2001, I felt drawn into the themes coming into play—our pull as a nation toward war, and my place in this.

As for the construction of the book, since I was writing the poems for seven or so years, I had a lot of time to think about how to arrange this material so that the reader could readily absorb it. I was inspired by concept albums, where the musicians choose a theme throughout the work, so you can get lost in the artistry while still retaining a larger referential framework.

Considering that we read more fiction than poetry, I also wanted to offer readers some of the pleasures of narrative, such as a main character and a plot.

So, by 2004 when the poems were coalescing into a book form, and I was reading many versions of *The Aeneid*, the book gradually evolved to have a main character who is a modern-day Aeneas, sometimes male, sometimes female—a reflection of us.

I wanted our main character to be very contemporary, so the speaker meets her in the airport as she's moving out to war, and meets her as she returns from war and is sitting on the road, her helmet to the side of her. We follow the evolving relationship of the narrator and Aeneas, tracing the course of the war. To help guide the reader, the book has sixteen chapters, plus an ending deleted scene.

Visually, I also wanted the reader to feel the same graphic lure they might feel toward a well-designed website. For all the weight of the subject, I'm grateful that some readers have given feedback that the typographical arrangement—poem title format, couplets, use of space, the larger format of the

I spent hours pouring over the stories that supported the integrity and accentuated the emotional impact of Higgins' amazing collection.

A few years ago, I had read Brian Turner's brilliant collection *Here, Bullet* and thought it was the best work of poetry to be inspired or reflective of war's experience. Higgins' *Aeneas* not only matches Turner's amazing work, she amplifies its raw power.

And Aeneas stares into her helmet stole my heart and imagination.

It's my selection for 2009 best collection of poetry. It's a privilege to introduce you to Tiffany Higgins.

Tiffany, thank you for joining me in a discussion on the themes and poetics within *Aeneas*.

book (7" x 9")—allows the reader to flow easily through it.

The poet Annie Finch, in her poem "Letter to Emily Dickinson", refers to Dickinson as a mother-poet, meaning that there is such a keen sense of connection that she feels descended from her poetics. It's a nice way of considering the poets who have shaped who we are. Which poets have inspired or guided your work? Are there any poets that you feel a strong kinship with?

Yes, I've felt a strong kinship with Whitman, Wordsworth, and Celan. More specific to this project, during its composition in 2004, I was closely reading Mahmoud Darwish, as I prepared a review essay on his *Unfortunately, It Was Paradise* ("In the Shadow of the Unseen," *Poetry Flash* Summer/Fall 2004). I admire, among other things, his use of a flexible "I," and the sense of poetry as both an intimate and a collective project. Research for the article got me reading different Middle Eastern poets. In another article, I reviewed Iraqi poet Dunya Mikhail's *The War Works Hard*. In 2001-4, I was very interested in Eastern European poetry, and took from that time an attraction to finding the ridiculous

premise in the tragic everyday, and putting it in the poem, and pushing it.

In 2005, I took a course at UC Berkeley, "Poetry of the Great War," by Belgian poet-scholar Geert Buelens, on European poetry of World War I, and the explosion of forms that occurred in the devastation of war. From this I brought away that you don't have to write about war from a mawkish or critical distance. Instead, it's possible to just inhabit the different voices naturally arising—in the news, in ads, in government pronouncements.

Rather than deciding a preformed opinion, I tried to get curious. For example, what is it like to live as a citizen with a war happening elsewhere? This question is the focus of "Where is the War?" which my collaborator, filmmaker Moisés J. Nascimento, made into a beautiful short film (which we've put on YouTube).

More recently, I've been taking pleasure in reading Brazilian song lyrics (Chico Buarque's, of late), which are filled with poetry.

At what time did you decide that you were going to write about war? Because of the wide span of time covered in this collection — from your narrator's pre-war years, the war years, and years back on the homefront, is this work a compilation of thoughts, images, stories that you jotted down in notes over a long expanse of time? Or did this idea suddenly hit you and boom, you typed it out in days?

Yes, people ask how I came to write about the war and our place as citizens in it. In 2001, I had been meditating daily, so, after 9/11 and as our nation moved to respond, my meditations were filled with sorrow and a feeling of others, at a distance yet near, suffering. I felt a great deal of responsibility, and developed a

feeling that this was not a war separate from me—since I am a U.S. citizen, and it is being waged on behalf of me, then it is my war. From this premise followed investigations, research, listening to a lot of news reports, reading books, hearing others' voices.

By 2004 it was shaping itself into a book, as the different voices of the different players were filling my head. The form did not come all at once, no. There were a lot of false starts. For example, since I was reading *The Aeneid*, which is translated by Fitzgerald as iambic pentameter, I wrote a lot of poems in this meter. With the passage of time, however, these felt awkward, and I cut them. I settled on a couplet structure, with a bias toward long lines.

I benefited from a lot of time gathering information, as different characters would arise, and different forms. For example, reading about how U.S. interrogators would question Guantanamo detainees led to the dialogue written in script form, "Interrogation #2356."

And Aeneas stares into her helmet is an amazing title. I nearly minored in Classical Greek at university and so I have a soft spot for all things relating to Greek literature. [Yes, brownie points.] Of course, Aeneas was the son of Aphrodite and was a heralded warrior for Troy and its armies. Many of the gods allied themselves with Aeneas because they found favor with him. In your collection, Aeneas is a warrior for the U.S. but most importantly, Aeneas seems to be your personal protector. At times, I even felt he was your alter-ego. Why did you choose Aeneas? What was your inspiration for the title?

Aeneas became the main character when, in 2004, I was searching for ancient examples that might illuminate our move deeper into war. There seemed something beyond the surface

facts that felt like a very strong current. Through the media, we were surrounded by images of warriors, and I became curious about these. In my search, I began reading different texts—*Gilgamesh*, the Sufi *The Conference of the Birds*, and *The Aeneid*, in different translations. I became fascinated with the character of Aeneas, which is quite complex. He was a Trojan who, with others, believed that Troy would never fall. As its high towers—pride of all Trojans—burn, he carries his father out from the flames. Soon he sets off with his men on ships, and they experience many travails as the gods beset them.

Finally, Aeneas and his men land on the shore of Carthage, where the local queen Dido, after some initial brusqueness, greets Aeneas with hospitality. They fall in love, and she invites him to be treated as her king. Mercury, messenger of the gods, keeps flying down to transmit Zeus' message that he better hurry up, leave Dido, and go found Rome. Aeneas is torn between filial piety (doing right by the memory of his father) and duty, and being in love. He chooses duty and filial piety, and so in the middle of the night, sneaks away on his ships, without so much a word to his lover.

This story is told in the last poem of the book, "Aeneas in Carthage."

I love the emotional complexity of the warrior who is reluctant to complete a duty he's being told is important, but to which he is struggling to connect himself. In the end he chooses duty, rather than love.

This story became all the more meaningful to me when I learned that Queen Dido was actually a Phoenician, who hailed from Tyre, in present-day Lebanon. Her name was Elissa, or, in Phoenician, Queen Elishat.

Elsewhere in the book, Aeneas is a contemporary U.S. warrior, complete with sand-pebbled fatigues.

As for the title, *And Aeneas stares into her helmet*, I'm glad you like it. It was an early line that kept haunting me. With its complete grammar, it could be a news headline. The "and," though, makes it sound like we're coming into an ongoing process. I love the beginning open "a" sounds, as if we've started by singing or crying or something. Then, all the "s" sounds in the middle, and the breathy "h" sounds at the end.

I'm drawn to the central gesture, which recurs throughout the book and is depicted on the cover, of Aeneas having taken off her helmet, outstretched in her palm in front of him/her. We are staring into the helmet, its open space, wondering. The helmet could be an open grave, or a fortuneteller's crystal ball, or any number of things; its meaning shifts throughout the book. The title is a physical gesture that we can put our own bodies into, an invitation.

You refer often to yourself as a "pilgrim" and also make frequent reference to the Gospel of Matthew's oft-quoted part of the Lord's sermon on the mount in which he admonishes (paraphrasing) that people should live their lives in a manner that they become a city on the hill that cannot be hid. In war time, our political leaders like to evoke the spirit of that message and say we are not going to war to destroy but to build. Consider your poem "I am a little pilgrim child."

**I am a little pilgrim child
over drifts of sand come I
over the seas journey to build
a city upon a hill.**

Throughout this work, your narrator is highly sentient of things religious and spiritual, sometimes Christian, sometimes Muslim. In

fact, one of my favorite poems in the work is "I am at a stance in Basra" because it seems that this is the point in your life where your Christian view or belief structure begins to weave seamlessly with the historicity of place (Iraq). You write that you kneel in the dust which "reflects" and "knows" the meaning of "the dome" and you are kneeling with such intent that the dust is being ground and you have this vision that the "light" of their world and your world is slanting and slipping so it makes you realize the meaning of "home."

This is a beautiful realization. I was wondering if you could elaborate on this amalgamation of spiritual connectedness (between your Christian upbringing and the peoples, culture, place, and religiousness of Iraq).

The "little pilgrim child" is a character that appears toward the start of the book. In the lines you quote, we can see the little girl linked to the phase of optimism about what might come from our war in the Middle East.

On another level, it reflects my decision to not view myself as separate from the war; therefore, I include myself in it. My own origins were in Massachusetts, and this character arises from the history of the Pilgrims and their quest for the construction of ideals. Interestingly, we find that the Pilgrims were the first Americans to use the label "terrorist"—they applied it to the Native Americans with whom they were conflicting. Odd biographical link: I grew up in a white house with green shutters on 115 Pilgrim Rd. I was determined to weave my story into the story of the war, to integrate self with nation.

As for spiritual connectedness, certainly we can see that ancient Judeo-Christian texts and ancient texts of the Middle East bear striking similarities. For example, the tale of the flood arises both in Genesis and in the epic of Gilgamesh.

In "I am at my stance in Basra," the speaker is kneeling in the dust, either praying or defending themselves from snipers, or both. This poem was born from the time period when the Golden Mosque, or Al-Askari Mosque, had been bombed, and when news reports were telling of gun battles waged from positions within holy masjids. The situational irony was strong, and I wanted to capture the conflicted emotions. My intention in the poem was to make the speaker very open, so that he/she could just as well be an Iraqi or U.S. soldier.

So in that sense, yes, I wanted to make a space in which enemy/us divisions were surpassed. A space where our spirits can dwell together. The dust touched by each is the same, and a similar longing for a home whose landscape has changed. In the last line, "the slanting, the slipping light— (home)," the home longed for could be an Iraqi whose landscape has forever changed, or it could be the foreign soldier longing for their home. The pain of longing unites them.

In a 1990 interview of Margaret Atwood published in the Paris Review (issue 117, Winter), the interviewer made the comment that many of Atwood's writings centered around the theme of "foreignness." Margaret's reply brought to mind your collection:

"Foreignness is all around," Atwood explained, continuing: "In the center of an empire, you can think of your experience as universal. Outside the empire, or on the fringes of the empire, you cannot."

Whether you allude to events/ experiences in America, (Staten Island, especially), Europe, or Iraq, your narrator doesn't seem completely settled or grounded in who she is as it relates to "place," as if she doesn't feel centered with an empire but haunted by the "foreignness" felt by someone "on the fringes". How does Atwood's

concept of “foreignness” ring familiar to your experiences in regards to our country’s wars and enhance your themes in Aeneas?

For a long time I had posted on my wall a quotation by Theodor Adorno, “The greatest gift is to not feel at home when one is at home.” Certainly, one of the pleasures of gaining others’ perspectives (or of traveling, for that matter) is the relief of realizing that the values one’s society suggests are not the only choices. So, we find freedom in this. Feeling our connections, we make a very vibrant, living force.

During the writing of the book, I was very aware, in my imagination, of what people outside the U.S., and specifically in the Middle East and more precisely in Iraq, might be experiencing, feeling, breathing, sensing. As the Atwood quotation notes, when one lives at a center of power, it is all too easy to assume one’s societal values as the natural ones; I did try to shift the view scope to be a bit wider. The poem you mention is “Crossing New York harbor by ferry,” in which the speaker is a visitor to the Statue of Liberty, who reflects upon her/his changing relationship with “America,” before and after the war.

“Lines from an ancient Babylonian tablet” is a contemporary retelling of the *Enuma Elish*, or Babylonian creation story. The poem brings the ocean goddess Tiamat and Sumerian Inanna into present-day Baghdad.

One of my aspirations for the book was to trace, or open, connections across the globe. The default setting, as a U.S. citizen, can be that our wars are happening “over there,” and we’re separate from them. So, how can we feel any sense of connection? I don’t have the answer—this is really an open question.

On a deeper, existential level, in a

globalized planet, how do we sense actual connections beyond geographic, immediate boundaries? This is one of the questions we address in our film, *Duas Américas*, set in Brazil and the U.S.

One of the highly esteemed moral characteristics of the Spartan civilization that was engrained into their soldiers from their boyhood until they graduated into being a hoplite (soldier) was bravery. So entrenched was this characteristic that it is recorded that the mother of the hoplite, before he left for war, would hand him his shield and spear and tell him to return carrying his shield or return on it, meaning that you return a hero whether you die fighting courageously for Sparta or live and return to the homecoming.[2] In your collection, I was thrilled to see you allude to and contemplate the significance of the shield and concept of bravery.

Yes, naturally I have been moved by U.S. soldiers’ bravery. I’ve been honored, as a teacher of English in community colleges in the San Francisco Bay Area, to have students in my classes who are veterans of the Iraq and Afghan wars. I’ve been privileged to read their writings about their sense of being at war and then being at home. The poem you refer to, “And Aeneas appears on the reality show,” is a thought experiment where I was imagining: What if Aeneas, a soldier who is at once the Roman warrior and a present U.S. soldier, appeared on a U.S. reality show today? Would the ancient practice of laying a warrior upon a shield find a place, or seem strange and unrealistic to our present culture?

I meant to give a feeling of Aeneas’ dignity as he struggles to operate in the society to which he’s returned in civilian life. Brain Turner’s poems treat this challenge movingly. An early poem in the book, “My major and I,”

speaks in the voice of a little girl who goes into her backyard and digs a trench, which she shares with her major (as she calls him), who slowly begins to disappear, part by part. And she talks with him all the while.

One of the most astonishing and poignant poems of your collection is “And I am myself a war.” I use the word astonishing because of its economy of words. It’s merely four lines long and each one numbered like one would number a grocery list, a To-do task list, or a list one writes down so they won’t forget important things.

1. and I am myself war

2. when I arise in the morning I like to think to myself but I am not in the war I am in the war

3. letter to a young _____

4. and I am not myself war

Two thoughts regarding this and you are more than welcome to add your insights:

a) There is such a weighty, internal battle portrayed in these short lines about one’s connection and/or responsibility to war.

b) Number 3 is simply heartrending and haunted me. The narrator goes silent after writing “young.” Is this an observation, a brilliant vehicle that asks the reader to complete the sentence? Or, is it a reflection that the narrator is so haunted that she herself cannot complete it?

I pondered your decision to leave this as a fill in the blank statement. I considered that you cannot write a letter because what could you say about war to someone who is “young” in age or too young in understanding? I imagine you with pencil in hand painfully bent over an empty sheet of paper, trying to formulate the words that would go to a “young” high school student, daughter, son, brother, sister, wife, mother, father, widow, widower, etc. How can you remove the “war” from your being, from the image that any of these correspondents would see you as? That’s how I interpreted your unfinished thought.

The struggle about one's responsibility for war is one I did experience. To tell you the truth, I did a lot of crying. I did feel personally responsible. And then there was the schizophrenic feeling, which many of us perhaps experienced, of going to work, or, for me, walking down my beautiful oak-lined street on a sunny California day, as my head is filled with all these images of war currently occurring. How does one reconcile that? Where is the war in our lives?

I was working with Buddhist concepts of self and other, of detachment and attachment. The recent images and facts of war are such that the tendency is to blame someone—to put it in a category of someone's mistake, thereby not claiming it—or to separate oneself mentally from the violence, thereby creating for oneself a shoal of safety. It's so normal, yet we risk becoming heartless. The Buddhist instruction would be to notice this tendency of separation, and to try to open to other possibilities. Can I notice in what ways I am indeed connected to war? This question is explored more in "Where is the War?" which Moisés J. Nascimento and I have set to music.

The next two questions, I would like to spotlight your poetics. Throughout the collection, you add an additional space between phrases. Consider "Aeneas in the airport," as just one example, though it occurs throughout.

"I will keep you safe you can rest at home in that knowledge"

"(although I am not a prayer and never have been) and then she's off"

I sensed an added emphasis to the phrases following the space. Was this your intent? Or is there a visual significance or metaphor behind its use?

The three-space breaks are meant as a form of syncopation within the longer lines. Most of the book is in

long-lined couplets. Where there's a three-space break, I hear a little pause (and read one when I'm reading the poems aloud), but the larger unit is the long line. I wanted readers to be able to hear both the shorter and longer rhythmic units.

I love your use of repetition throughout the collection as well. I'm thinking particularly of poems such as:

"I wake up to become my own terrorist"

"I search in you my own destruction"

"When I get to the bottom of the city I cry out"

"Freedom is walking itself on a leash"

"And I am myself war"

"I am at my stance in Basra"

And yet there are many, many other poems that I could mention that lingered with me because of its repeating words and phrases. To me, this poetic device helps you achieve a fluidity in theme, tone, and mood in "Aeneas"; and if I could describe it as a feeling, I'd equate the repetitiveness to a mantra or a prayer or maybe even a heartbeat — something that sustains you, keeps you going, or gives you a sense of assurance that you aren't losing bits of yourself as you face the unexpectedness and terrorizing effects of war.

I'm glad you like the repetitions of phrases. Certain phrases took on a mesmerizing quality during the composition process, like a repeated line in a song that gets stuck in your head, or like a recurring scene in a dream-movie. I think I was trying to figure them out, too. Sometimes they are physical processes, like "Freedom is walking itself on a leash," which has traces of a Jenny Holzer-like, epigrammatic quality. It defies clear understanding—to me, too—while seeming so certain.

I was curious about these phrases that seemed beautiful yet made

frightening claims. As in "I search in you my own destruction," the voice can be prettily seductive, but not quite trustworthy. Such phrases are like ad slogans where you don't really know what the product is, but you think you might be buying it.

The cover artwork by Pablo Ortega Lopez is stunning, one of the most amazing paintings I've seen on any book sleeve. It's haunting images of war steal my breath. It simply is masterful, how it sets the perfect tone for the book. In your own words, could you describe the details of the painting? (BTW: I have three favorite areas: the face of Aeneas — fashioned out of what looks to be the refuse of twisted metal and war-torn structures; the haunting apparition of the woman appearing from the culmination of gases; and the way that Aeneas' hand transforms from metal into flesh —where he is holding his helmet.) What are your favorite features?

The beautiful cover painting was created by my friend, Ecuadorian painter Pablo Ortega Lopez. It almost looks like a mural. As you say, it has a larger figure with many little figures in it. The large figure bears some resemblance to the Statue of Liberty; where her seven-tipped diadem of liberty should be, there is smoke, and the embers of a burning city. In her hand outstretched before her is an ancient war helmet, which she's staring down into. I notice in it the U-boat, the helicopter, and what looks like an ancient wheel: the historic machinery of war. I get lost in that helmet, the surface of which almost looks composed of corals, as if it had been sitting under the sea somewhere.

Most of all, I too am drawn to the figure of the woman who seems to have a scarf over her head and is covering her mouth with both hands, either out of horror or because of fumes. Pablo depicts the pain of someone experiencing

war, showing her suffering. If you look very closely, you can see to the right of her a very tiny figure, a little girl standing before the ruins of a burned-out city.

Lastly, I'm looking at your extraordinary and affecting poem "School shooting." In the last stanza, you write: "and we live together with this fate/ so long as we live and to the grave/ and indeed beyond." This seems to be the key point of the entire collection — that all of the death, catastrophe, chaos, that we collectively are involved in or experience or support is the fate of our own making and we must live with it and die with it.

Yes, "School shooting" is a challenging one for audiences. Moisés J. Nascimento and I made some music to go behind it, as we've been performing the poems with music he plays on guitar. When I wrote the poem, some years ago, it seemed that every other news report was either of another school shooting, or another roadside bombing in the war in Iraq. There seemed some kind of strange connections between phases of how the calamity is discussed. The poem explores the parallels. Yes, I feel that we bear a collective responsibility. From a sense of collective responsibility may come transformation.

You have just made a short film featuring your poem "Where is War?" Tell us more about it and where our readers can watch it.

"Where is the War" is a short film

Moisés J. Nascimento made based on my poem of the same name. It was selected to show in the March 2010 Split This Rock Festival. The soundtrack is Moisés and I performing the poem together, with myself reading while Moisés plays guitar he composed for that poem.

The poem asks where the war lives in our lives. To shoot it, Moisés filmed going across the San Francisco Bay Bridge on a morning commute. We see the beautiful structures of the bridge rising up, the clear blue sky, the cars slowing and speeding up as if in a dance. All the while, we ask, "Where is the war?" We see cars, but no people. In the last half, we return across the bridge, this time on a night commute home. When we go into the tunnel halfway between San Francisco and the East Bay—the tunnel through Treasure Island—the light is yellow, and the car brakes turn the tunnel red. The ending shot is of a schoolyard, with a tire swing swinging. No one is on it.

Moisés did a beautiful job of putting very brief phrases from the poem into the landscape, so that the phrases seem to emerge from the landscape. You can search "Where is the War?" on YouTube.

Can we expect any new projects from you on the horizon? If so, can you tell us about it?

I'm currently collaborating with my friend Moisés J. Nascimento to

write and produce *Duas Américas*, a feature-length documentary shot in the U.S. and Brazil. It's based on the life of Moisés, who grew up poor in Brazil, got some lucky breaks, and ended up coming to the U.S. and finding all the success he could wish for in Silicon Valley. He'd achieved the American Dream, but something is missing in the individualist pursuit of happiness.

Meanwhile, on his trips back to Brazil—undergoing an economic boom in the last ten years—he sees his fellow countrymen chasing the same sort of consumerist paradise, and pursuing the same kind of unchecked development, that has put the state of the planet in peril. The movie is about the search for gold, and the search for truth.

In search of more collective solutions, Moisés goes on a journey, making original music with local musicians, interviewing artists, community visionaries, on each step of the journey making links between the U.S. and Brazil.

As you can imagine given the energy of Brazilian music, we have a fantastic soundtrack, almost all of which is original music we've written. We have been having so much fun shooting it. We're on track for a 2011 release.

Footnotes:

- 1) <http://www.wilfredowen.org.uk/home>
- 2) From Plutarch's collection of writings, *Moralia*.

***And Aeneas stares into her helmet* is Tiffany Higgins' first book. Her poems and translations have appeared in *Big Bridge*, *The Kenyon Review*, *nocturnes*, and other journals. She lives in the San Francisco Bay Area, where she teaches English at several community colleges. She is currently collaborating with Moisés J. Nascimento on the documentary *Duas Américas*.**

URLs discussed in this interview
Watch the trailer to *Duas Américas* at www.duasamericas.com.
Watch the short film "Where is the war" at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8rWMvtzs0h0>
www.tiffanyhiggins.com
www.moisesjnasascimento.com

Jon Hul

www.jonhulfineart.com
www.facebook.com/jhul1





PERKY black & white graphite studio pencil drawing on vellum 20"x16"



WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR black & white graphite pencil drawing on white paper 20"x16"

Born in Pittsburgh, PA., Jon Hul was raised by his parents in both California and Nevada. He now residing with family in Las Vegas. As a young student he learned basic drawing and art's & craft's skills. In highschool he studied commercial design, oil painting, water color painting, basic drawing fundamentals (portraits, still life, landscapes), and ceramics course. With no other formal education than High School, and being self-taught, he continued to study color theory with the applicable use of different mediums applied to painting and drawing technical skills. Currently using the same skills and techniques to this day. His work is scheduled to appear the the WEAM (World Erotic Art Museum) - December 2010. Hul's work has appeared in several magazines and books including *The World's Greatest Erotic Art of Today - Vol. 1*, *Airbrush Art Magazine*, "*Nightmare on Pin-Up Street*". He has two published books: *The Art of Jon Hul* and *Jon Hul Sketchbook - Vol. 1*. He is currently completing art for a third book publication, scheduled for 2010.

Q&A JON HUL

What methods are you using to help create your works of art?

Every creative idea starts with imagination—my imagination. Although I use a lot of photo reference material, I will incorporate my ideas and turn them into preliminary drawings and/or study drawings necessary to help create my visual interpretation of the image to render. My work forte is 'photo-realism', I am constantly incorporating my own hybrid ideas into the image I am rendering by adding/subtracting subtle areas of the entire image. I usually spend anywhere from a few hours to a couple of days reworking an idea until I am completely satisfied with it. Crazy huh? When the preparation stage is done, I will then walk away from the work for the rest of the night, then come back to it the following evening and view it with a 'fresh eye' to see and decide if I am completely satisfied with it. In most cases I will be satisfied with what I did and continue to the next level with rendering the art on whatever substrate I decide to use, as it is best suited for the image (preferably) and its size.

Do you have a ritual you follow before each new work is started?

Yeah... turn off the phone... shut the studio door... pop in my favorite audio music cd in the player to set the mood. Then make sure I have gathered paints and cleaned



DANCE OF THE BAGUETTE mono-chromatic
drawing on gray canson paper 25"x19"



SEXY MARILN black and white study drawing on
veluum 24"x18"

brushes with palette to use, a supply of rags, keeping my tools to a minimum and adjust my lighting before I get started on my painting. I am totally focused on my art when 'on the attack'. With the use of my reference photos and study drawings I become the 'thinker' as I render my work (it is a method I have been doing habitually since grade school), concentrating on all aspects of my work by my use of color dynamics/value, contrast intensity, direction of light (consistency), accuracy of shape/proportion, shadows (within the entire image), control of paint consistency, etc., etc.. Plus, the fact that I am a nocturnal artist, I am always comfortable working in the beginning of the evening and continue working into the wee hours of the morning. I have always created this atmosphere for myself so I am able to 'fly' without hindrances! (But, then again, there's some sort of 'hindrance' that needs attention, if you know what I mean... ha!-ha!) Anyway...

What is your pet peeve?

Too many 'peeves' to mention to the point where I am one to keep my opinion to myself... however... in general, the evolution of fine art has taken a more 'stylized presence' than ever before in the new millennium. In the current generation of existing artists, I have noticed how the fine art category has somewhat taken a different direction in the sense of most

art being 'personalized', adding a commercial flair in both subject matter as well as the technical methods (aspects) applied to the newer works. Seemingly a- "constant communication through the new fine art generation" (sort of a cliché I carry). Be the art shown in art galleries, art magazines, and trade shows, there is allot of good talented artists out there sharing and selling their art. I am always excited to see something new!

How does your family life come into play with your artistic life?

(In the beginning); growing up in the family house hold (with my parents & siblings), it was them having help me nurture my art talent in so many ways. My father (especially) was the person responsible in wanting to help pave a way for me to be both motivated and enthusiastic in whatever I wanted to do in my life. As far back as the tender age of 5 years old, he was the first person in my life to notice I had the ability to draw and/or create things with my hands. So, on one given day he surprised me with a set of graphite pencils and a drawing paper pad to try my hand at drawing. Then as time moved on (as a pre-teen), he took me to libraries and book stores to see what information I could find some on famous artists that were published at the time. As a result of my discoveries I like to refer to my family relationship as described- 'hand in glove'. (I have a private collection of art pieces

rendered of my family in years past.) Especially with the type of art (genre) I render. ALL of my family (and friends) are big supporters of my art career. They hold no prejudices to the subject matter of which I render. Why would they? It is important to me to know how important I am to them in the sense that I strive at what I do in getting my work done- diligently, seriously and professionally. I am so forever grateful for having them all in my life and like what I do. Being loved as a husband, father, in-law, and respected friend means everything to me, truly! I am a big inspiration to my daughter who is an especially talented artist in her own right. (She is actually my hero!) I have an endearing love them all... forever!

What will be your signature painting?

Before I started rendering nude art, I was very much into rendering optical illusion art. (The ideas of rendering such subject matter has been put on hold, indefinitely do to the fact that I am constantly rendering commission work.) I have rendered miles upon miles of black & white graphite pencil drawings and have sold allot of them to private clients... those were drawings. As for my painted images, I would have to honestly say signature paintings will most likely involve a common medium including a 'color signature' (my niche of desire) associated within each and every art



SEXY MARILYN color oil/acrylic mixed medium painting 40"x 30"

piece. As per the date of this interview/article written, I have already started the idea of color identity implicated in my original work (approximately a year ago). Only time will tell when my 'signature painting' arrives.

How have social networks such as Facebook, Twitter, and others come into play with your art?

Outside of my web site-

www.jonhulfineart.com, I have gained additional exposure with using Facebook, Twitter, and MySpace. They are very essential in networking with lot's of other wonderful people! I have made new acquaintances with other artists, potential clients, art galleries, new friends, and friends I have lost touch with over the years... and not to forget www.poetsandartists.com, very important! I have been so active in making art in the past several weeks,

that I have not created a blog spot to communicate with others online. But I will eventually do that in the near future.

Name and describe your muse?

That is very easy to answer, my wife-Terina. She is more than my muse, she is my island! She has basically shared the same experiences that I have had with my art career over the years. She is the most important person in my life.



PERFECT VIEW acrylic painting rendered on illustration board 30"x 22"

Whenever I am in doubt about anything that involves my work, she is there for me, encouraging me, advising me. She offers more than 'just advise' ... she is my 'A-Number One' supporter. She gives me the motivation, enthusiasm and determination that no other person in my life has ever given me. She is the reason why I do with what I do as an artist, that I have such an immense feeling of passion and dignity into every art piece rendered. I truly love her with

all of my heart & soul!

How has digital accessibility come into play with your work?

First of all, it took me several years of contemplating the use of a computer (too many reasons to explain why). By being very vulnerable of its esthetic use (and many of my friends influencing me to get a computer) I finally gave into purchasing a computer (that was step 1); then

getting hook-up online (that was step 2); then creating an email address and then communicating with all of my friends and relatives. It was not too long after the discovery of the computer and to go online that for me to realize it took a number of some very well talented artists in a fine art capacity (after having discovered the computer tool a valuable asset in showing and selling my works of art online), it is without doubt the best



SAVOUR acrylic painting rendered in color on illustration board 30" x 22"

useful tool to assist me in so many ways. I find no better way of having my art archived at less cost.

What is your preferred medium and why?

When it comes to the use of different mediums (oils, acrylics, watercolors, gouache, pastels, color pencils, graphite pencils, etc.), I have experimented with them all. Being a very versatile artist I have facilitated myself in their individual

use and/or combined use. Over the years, I have applied these different mediums to all sorts of projects. Now, ever since the beginning of this year (especially), I have taken on the task of doing commissioned work, of rendered oil paintings for my private clients (large and small). Of all the mediums I have used over the years, I would have to say my preferred medium would be acrylic paint. Acrylic paint medium is very versatile in many ways. When I use this

paint medium type I take full advantage on how I am able to control it (from very opaque to very transparent). In most cases I paint opaquely, but in some cases I will paint transparently. Depending upon and/or the predication nature of each individual project, it is a judgement call and/or an emotional decision for me to approach the work with the medium of choice and technique involved. Either way I choose their use, in the end I am



Introspective: True & Tender

I just completed an new acrylic painting entitled: "True & Tender". This new rendering is one of the largest works to date, measuring 44" X 30" (vertical), rendered with the use of both hand brush & airbrush tools. As with all of my paintings (past & present), Liquitex Acrylic Paint was the brand of choice, utilized in the new work. Very easy to mix and control in all aspects of the medium. Careful planning was made in my approach to the work. Starting off, I studied the color scheme of the image, following with color mixing & matching. From there, choosing the right substrate to render the work on. My style of art is 'photo-realism', so the challenge into rendering this art was making sure it looked 'life like'. My attention to fine detail applied to the entire image was the most vital, because it is what makes the piece possible, and in most cases believable. I invest allot of time and energy put forth into my work (each and every piece). To achieve ultimate results for this new piece, I used a nice smooth surface of the illustration board for my paint application. And in the end, the results of the work speak for itself.

I have rendered many large paintings in the past, and of all of them this new painting was not only the most challenging, but most rewarding. From one rendering to another, I am constantly refining my technique to the point of perfection... think it... focus... work. I am not only my own biggest competitor, but my biggest critic as well.

JON HUL

TRUE & TENDER acrylic painting rendered in color on illustration board 44" x 30"

satisfied with results of my work!

In an ideal situation I would be in the same publication with the following artists:

Alberto Vargas, Gil Elvgren, George Petty, Al Buell, Rolf Armstrong, Joyce Ballantyne, Billy DeVorss, Zoe Mozert, Peter Driben, Mel Ramos, Patrick Nagel, Olivia De Berardinas, and Hajime Sorayama... and many more.

"It feels good knowing I can wake up from sleep everyday, spend some time with my family for a while, then off to my art studio to render more art...it's so rewarding."

JON HUL





Edward Nudelman

www.edwardnudelman.com

www.edwardnudelman.blogspot.com

Edward Nudelman's first book of poems, a chapbook entitled "Night Fires" was a semifinalist for "The Journal Award" (OSU Press, 2009) and was published in the same year by Pudding House

Publications. He is widely published in poetry journals such as *Ampersand*, *Syntax*, *Atlanta Review*, *Penwood Review*, *Tears in the Fence*, *Floating Bridge Press*, *Poets and Artists* and others. He is anthologized as one of nine selected poets in a separate chapbook entitled, "Casting the Nines" (Pudding House, 2009). Nudelman lives and works in the Boston environs with his wife and Golden Retriever, Sofie.

Like Clockwork

I confess, life without her (or her life without me)
 flashed before my vibrating eyes many times
 that long, bewitching, smokeless night.
 I must have gotten up every ten minutes
 checking carbon monoxide levels.
 Sometimes it seems nothing happens
 until everything happens; a sudden storm,
 unrelated events that turn out to be related.
 Friends and loved-ones remember how pale
 she looked, how strange he acted near the end.
 Mere acquaintances huddle to remember
 heralding signs and debate what went wrong.
 I found her on the couch with the dog.
 But the tree never fell through our bedroom roof.
 Just as cancer never appeared in the x-ray
 and the furnace, though spewing something noxious,
 never registered even one part per million
 of toxic, odorless gas. Still, morning
 found us both feeling dizzy and disoriented
 while the alarm buzzed all through breakfast.

Paso Robles

Moses might have picked me for his pack,
 olive-skinned, good wind, prone to wander
 but seeking a barren patch to work.
 He might have seen me pushing stones
 over a cliff, cupping ears to catch echoes,
 clement signs bouncing off ages.
 I'm not a guy who complains much.
 Birds and dark dreams thrill me,
 and all those mysterious empty eyes.
 I realize crossing the country in a jet
 resets myth, yet both shores suffice:
 cane toward Canaan or dug into sand.
 I'm drawn toward another clan-
 a smaller tribe, offspring of offspring.
 Mouth opened to salt, nostrils agape.
 I find pitched tents on ridges, huts
 in deserts, brick palaces on southern slopes;
 I skitter through them like a field mouse.
 Once again, I'm camped in a burning
 bush, again in silent retreat, splintered
 from the throng, from much louder voices.
 Lizards whisper on walls;
 and while the sky's endless and bright,
 night never falters in its dark hesitation.

Introspective: *Paso Robles*

"Paso Robles" is an immediately personal, autobiographical poem that was written on an airplane returning from a visit with our daughter and our two young grandkids in central California. The poem deals with the tension between longing and rest, the often counterintuitive good that comes from living day to day. Answers aren't given in neatly arranged outlines, but the code is written on walls and uttered through lizard's whispers. Every morning during our visit, my two-year old granddaughter Maddie, in all her sage wisdom, brought me down to the long cement wall on their property, facing the sun, in search of lizards. When we'd spy one attached to the wall, we had to sneak up quietly. Once she asked me if lizards could talk. That spawned this poem.

Jenny Morgan

<http://jennymorganart.com/gallery.html>



Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1982, Jenny Morgan was the Valedictorian of her class, graduating from Rocky Mountain College of Art and Design in Colorado, with a BFA in 2003. Jenny then went on to finish her MFA at the School of Visual Arts in New York in 2008. She is currently represented by Plus Gallery in Denver and Like the Spice Gallery in New York City. Jenny has appeared in solo and group shows nationally in Colorado, Florida, DC, New York City, and California, as well as international group shows in Sweden.

Jenny received several medals for Student Exhibitions from the Rocky Mountain College of Art, including the Gold Medal in 2003 and 2000. Jenny was also named the 2006 Top Representational Artist by the Rocky Mountain News "Top Of The Rockies" and was a finalist for the Outwin Boochever 2006 Portraiture Competition at the National Gallery in Washington D.C. Jenny has appeared in numerous publications including The Denver Post, The Rocky Mountain News, New American Paintings, Art Review, Westword, and the cover of Art Ltd. Magazine.

Jenny currently lives and works in NYC.



Further oil on canvas 36"x 20"



Spark oil on canvas 38"x 28"

Q&A JENNY MORGAN

In an ideal situation I would be in the same publication with:

Jenny Saville, Francis Bacon, Alison Schulnik, Inka Essenhigh, Dana Shutz, Yoko Ono, Lucian Freud, Sally Mann

How have social networks such as Facebook, Twitter and others come into play with your art?

I think that Facebook has truly had a strong effect on my work and career. Social networking has opened a portal into a certain kind of connectivity that is such an asset-allowing images, videos, and messages to collide in such a fast and fluid way. It is so easy now to get word out about openings, events, and articles, not mention the networking opportunities and making random connections. There is a screen now representing you and your motives, so it is less intimidating to reach out to those you admire and

desire to network with, such as curators and critics. Many of the shows I have been invited to be in, or the press I have received, have been fostered through meeting and connecting with people on Facebook. Plus, it's extremely rewarding to receive messages and comments from fans. I know the pitfalls of making myself so available and open, but for the moment I think that the art community is thriving off of this system, and I am thankful for it.

Have you ever edited your work or censored anything for fear of offending someone?

Yes, although I hate to admit it. I am always afraid of offending someone I paint. Often when I ask someone to pose I find that they have certain expectations or an assumption that the painting will look exactly like them; but it never does. The painting is simply one

version of them and often my work is dark, which can be hard to view. It is a devastating moment to witness someone crying in front of their own portrait. I myself have posed for fellow artists and have been caught off guard by the resulting image, but I know that the harder it is for me to look, the stronger it resonates. In the past I have edited myself and censored images-mostly in the sense of how much nudity I show, or the use of color and sanding. When I play it safe, I feel disappointed with myself and promise not to do it the next time. One solution I have found is to use the self-portraits as a place to do most of my experimenting and dramatic alterations because it's just my own face, and no one will care. Interestingly enough, the self-portraits are the pieces I get the most feedback on. I am working to break through my barriers of



politeness and use every piece as grounds to evolve.

Do you have a ritual you follow before each new work is started?

I guess the ritual would be the time I spend writing about the work before I begin to build the canvas. My sketchbook is mostly filled with words describing the acts I wish to make instead of preliminary drawings. It is much easier for me to write it all down and get the images out of my head. I spend days reworking the same image over in my head while adding to the scribbles of notes.

What is the best piece of advice you can offer an artist just starting out?

In some ways I still feel that I am just starting out, but I can offer advice on things that have empowered me, and also warn against those that were harmful. Everyone needs a website and it's advantageous to have a network of links set up with artist friends. I get a large amount of web traffic from friends linking to me. Submit work to as many juried shows and competitions as you can, just get the work out there. You never know, a juror could be someone who falls in love with your work and helps you further. Always be cautious and trust your gut with people. I have worked with a few people that made me uncomfortable and did not have my best interests in mind. I think that often emerging artist ignore that gut reaction to follow an opportunity that may lead to nowhere. Networking and socializing is necessary, but the best relationships are formed organically. Just keep working, even if you lose a studio space or have a crazy work schedule, I find that producing what you want is just as much a discipline as it is love.

How has digital accessibility come into play with your work?

Digital accessibility has been both a blessing and a curse. Again, to link back to the former question about social networking, digital images are easy to pass around and post online for the whole world to view. But in contrast I am in the opinion that artist are often robbed by this same luxury. The digital format flattens the image so much and I am always disappointed by the digital representation of my work: I feel that it sucks the life out of the painting. It is unfortunate that 90% of those viewing the work will never see it in person, but I guess that's how it has always been, even with printed material, so it comes with the territory. I also work with digital cameras and upload images online for printing. I love how quickly the process moves, and I can get my hands on reference material and start working within hours. With everything there is a push and pull between the advantages and downfalls. I am interested in seeing where the technology leads us as artists.



TOP LEFT:
We are All Setting Suns oil on canvas 35"x 29"
LEFT:
all we have is now oil on canvas 36"x 29"



Sisterhood oil on canvas 45"x 34.5"

"I manipulate the figure to expose the individual's idiosyncrasies and create a physiological portrait. Working with people from my own life as subject matter allows me to hone in on specifics of their character and present their personalities as I experience them."

JENNY MORGAN



Introspective: *Sisterhood*

My recent painting "Sisterhood" was a challenging piece for me, both technically and emotionally. I asked my dear friends, Agata and Paulina, who are intense Polish sisters, to pose for me. I was curious about how their powerful relationship would play out in front of my camera. We awkwardly discussed how they should look and what position to take while they undressed and I set up my equipment. I was aware of their nervousness, from being so exposed, which allowed me to be a voyeur, not only onto their bodies, but into their relationship. My original goal was to make a large, full bodied, multi-person canvas, so I took a myriad of shots, but was not feeling the spark. In a moment of down time as I was adjusting lighting, the younger sister, Paulina, embraced her sister by slumping down to place her head against Agata's chest. It was magic. They wrapped their arms around each other and I yelled "hold it." It was a moment of honesty and I knew they had let their guard down with me. I felt blessed.

I had a concept for color after transferring the image to canvas, but found it to be very difficult. I see Agata as this tall strong pillar of an older sister; always worrying about Paulina through her deep connection with her. I wanted to paint a thick white glaze on top of her skin as sign of resolution and virtue, but as I covered her torso and started on her face, I suddenly had to back down. It felt as if her eyes asked me to keep her face clear for some reason, so I had to scramble to remove the glazing medium. The sudden change unnerved me. At the time I was closer to Agata than Paulina, so it felt natural for me to blur Paulina's features, which took on a quality of tears. I wanted an intense red glaze to cover Paulina's face, but once again after I applied it, the panic set in. I removed the pigment before it could dry. I spent a lot of time thereafter regretting what I had done to them. Staring into their eyes, I waited for a resolution, but it never came. This painting is still unsettling for me, not because I failed, but because they won.

Having recently returned to school at 33, Ray Succre is a writer living in Coos Bay, Oregon with his wife and young son. He goes back and forth between poetry and novels and has had some recent success with publication in both of these forms. His novels *Tatterdemalion* (2008) and *Amphisbaena* (2009), both through Cauliay, were released to strong reviews. Over the past five years, his poetry has appeared in over four hundred publications across two dozen of countries. His current focus is on the attainment of his teaching degree, as well as finding good homes for the new novels.

Camcorder Viscera

I recorded them over a damp, mantling lushness
that set a hushing itch into the hills of their skin,
recorded the machetes hacking aside brush
from the stomach of our hilly, near-home woods.
Their arms worked as levers of the thought:
Trail to water, water in which to swim.

As the Sun prattled their stinging flesh wet,
poison ivy followed them up into the hill,
skin and rubs and panting—
swim-thirst led them to continue, and the Sun,
who knew them best,
shunted the range and clarity of my camera.

"Put it away. Get a machete. Help out," one said.
I found these children the river,
cutting and swiping at the brush,
and when wading cooled their itch and broad day,
enveloped them again in the static and capture,
young hearts in the thrush of a lens flare.



Introspective: *Camcorder Viscera*

This somewhat involves those moments, as a father, when the odd need to capture something on camera causes one to miss out on the actual event. I'm not much of a camera-carrier, but I know people who certainly are, and it has always struck me as zany to see a man taking great care to videotape some sort of vacation event, while not really taking much part in the event itself. The urge to witch a particular good time into record for future viewing is such a palpable impulse, but missing out on the good time in order to chronicle it is something I think most people would later regret. You might end up with scores of pictures and videos of your loved ones having great fun without you.



Omar Ortiz was born in 1977 at Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico where he still lives. Since he was a boy he has been interested in drawing and illustration. He studied for a degree in Graphic Design, where he learned different techniques such as hand drawing, pastels, charcoal, water colors, acrylics and airbrushing. When he finished college he decided to make a living from painting. In 2002 he attended his first oil paint classes with the artist Carmen Alarcón, who he considers his main teacher. Omar Ortiz currently works with oil painting because he considers it the noblest technique.

A minimalistic - hyperrealism characterizes his work, where white colors, human body and a magical fabric play predominate. "His paintings act like intimate pieces, trapped in themselves, outside of space and context"

He has showed in Mexico, Spain, Netherlands and London.

"Since I started painting I have always liked to represent things as real as I can, sometimes I succeed sometimes I don't, what is a fact is that it is very hard for me to do the opposite. I enjoy the challenges of trying to reproduce natural light and the nuances that gives us, particularly in bright environments. I like to keep the simplicity of the pieces because I think excess makes us poorer rather than richer."

OMAR ORTIZ



Eros oil on linen 71"x55"



relations oil on linen 32"x55"





Citric Spiral oil on linen 63"x87"

Q&A OMAR ORTIZ

Explain your process.

Normally I first work with the idea and sometimes I do some sketches so I don't forget it. The next step is to take the photo shoot either with models or with objects. During the photo session I play with the light and the composition always trying to maintain simplicity, then I work with the photos on the computer using Photoshop to edit the images. I adjust the colors, contrast, levels and remove items if necessary, once edited I print the image and start painting with the photograph always in hand. One thing I always have very clear is that the photograph is just another tool to accomplish a bigger objective. I never rely 100% on what the photograph tells me because photography is monocular and has many limitations compared to what the human eye perceives so I always make corrections during the process. I always work the color based on the transparency of layers and layers that way I can

achieve the depth of the tones and shades of the skin and other elements. My work is slow and a painting takes me from 15 days to one month to finish it because I put special attention to details.

How have social networks such as Facebook, Twitter and others come into play with your art?

Social networks, forums, blogs and web sites have been very useful for me because they have helped me show my work worldwide. The internet has opened some doors for me in galleries in other countries. The communication through the internet becomes instantaneous and direct and you can contact people, artist or dealers in a way that 10 years ago would not be possible. Nowadays when you want to search about any artist the first thing you do is to look in the internet, so I think that if you want to show your work to the world the internet is a very good place to do so.

How has digital accessibility come into play with your work?

Digital media has been very useful to me because I often use a computer and a digital camera as tools, that way I don't have the model posing for more than 15 days.

What is your preferred medium and why?

My preferred medium is oil paint because I consider it the noblest technique; I think it has several aspects that make it better than other techniques like: durability, flexibility, the ability to work it opaque or transparent. I have worked with other techniques such as acrylic, watercolor, graphite and pastel but I still prefer oil painting.

Do you believe art should serve a political purpose or remain neutral?

I believe that art should serve the purpose of beauty; art should isolate us for a moment from all the pollution and the accelerated lives we usually have to offer a space or a moment of simplicity in our lives.



Angles oil on linen 55"x 71"

Introspective: *Female Diety*

This is a piece that I particularly like. Light, color and composition were the main factors I wanted to deal with to give the piece the monumental nature that was intended. The intention was to represent the beauty of a female body in some kind of pedestal. The painting presented some technical challenges like the perspective in the face which is one of the most difficult positions to paint, the tension in the muscles of the neck and skin tones on a background dominated by whites, when I completed the piece I showed it to a friend that is an art critic and he found many symbolisms in it that I had not planned but make much sense...

"Female deity" is a mystical work, eclectic essence of a pantheistic religion, between paganism and Christianity.

Her body adapts to the rigidity and geometrical forms of the Egyptian shapes. It is the pose of a pharaoh. The same cube in which she sits reinforces the impression of dignity and solemnity of a statue. But it is not a cult for an Egyptian goddess; It is a beautiful naked woman, that covers her breasts with her arms, drawing our attention to them in a very sensual way. There is plenty in this figure of a crucified Christ, If you go up and focus on every part of her body, the feet hang like from a piece o wood and seem lacerated, a

chastity cloth covers her private parts, white is a symbol of purity, her neck is full of tension while her head looks at the sky and seems to whisper a prayer... But it is not one of our dramatic bloody Christ..., it is just a sensation, it is us contemplating a contained emotion."

Alfredo García Gómez-Álvarez



OMAR ORTIZ



Female Diety oil on linen 71"x55"

Interview with

Frank Bernarducci

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bernarduccimeisel.com





Frank Bernarducci standing in between

LEFT: Doug Webb: *A Rose Among Thorns* acrylic on linen 16"x12"

and ABOVE: Bernardo Torrens: *The Last Sun Ray* oil on wood 78.75"x45.75"



Q&A FRANK BERNARDUCCI

What is the one factor that makes or breaks an artist from being represented by your Gallery?

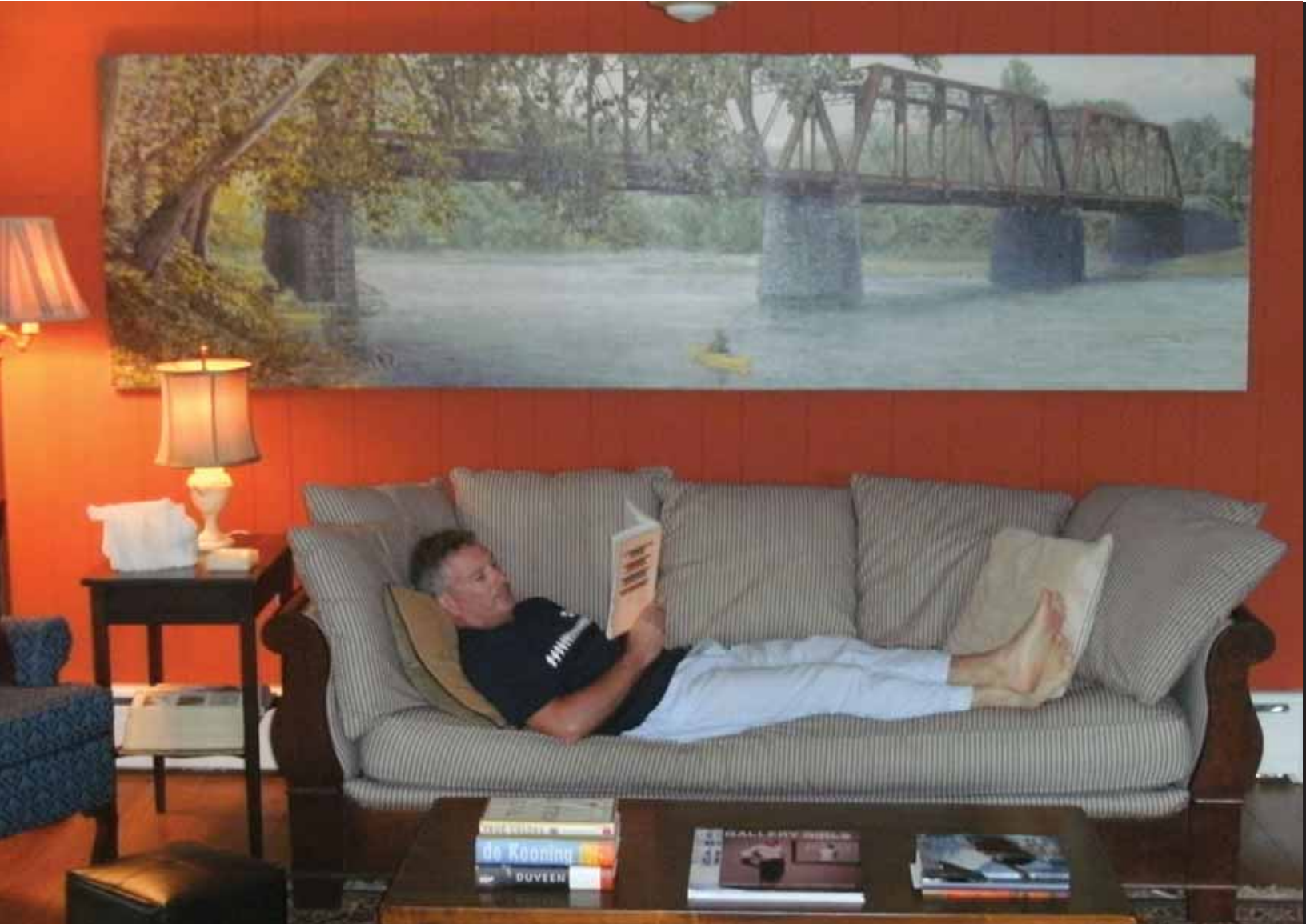
Talent. Originality is the key. Naturally we look at technique first; for example there are a lot of respectable still life painters out there; but if I see one more static painting of marbles or antique toys, I'm going to scream. It has already been done and better than anyone by Charles Bell. Maybe there are artists who think they can do it better or maybe they think no one remembers or maybe they just don't know anything about the history of contemporary realist painting, but why would you put so much time and effort into something that has been done better by somebody else?

If you could only represent three paintings spanning the whole time your Gallery has been around from inception, which three pieces would they be?

Well, they would have to be the three most expensive, otherwise we would be out of business. We sold a Franz Gertsch portrait for \$900,000, and two very expensive Chuck Close paintings. However, we've had the Gallery for ten years, so while it







Frank Bernarducci in his upstate New York home.
 PAINTING ABOVE: Paul Caranicas: *Yesterday* oil on linen 35"x120"

sounds like a lot, it costs millions more to run a Gallery for so long.

What advice do you offer emerging artists if they some day wish to be represented by your Gallery?

First there must be an emotional response to the work, something spiritual, a certain truth and beauty. The artist must have an *idyllic vision* of whatever is being depicted, a unique point of view. There must be a sense of structure and of course technically, it must transcend the reality of the subject being depicted whether it is a painting of a figure, a landscape or a still life. It must be painted in a thoroughly modern way, a way that we

have never seen before. We receive more than 10,000 artist submissions a year so we know right away when we have something special.

What is the next big thing in art?

Our big new space. This fall we are expanding the Gallery from 3,000 to 6,000 square feet on the third floor at our current 57th street address. I think this larger space will inspire our artists and motivate our clients and give us an opportunity to present more comprehensive exhibitions in the years to come. Our goal is to provide an opportunity for the world's leading realist painters.

What painting is hanging in your living room,



Frank Bernarducci and Louis K. Meisel. LOCATION: Mr. Meisel's Sagaponack Sculpture Field, NY

SCULPTURES IN REAR, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

Hans Van De Bovenkamp: *Sag Portal* stainless steel 12'H x 24'W x 6'D

Oded Halahmy: *First Peace* bronze 29.5"H x 21"W x 18"D

bedroom, dining room?

Paul Caranicas made a beautiful panoramic landscape of the old railroad bridge on the upper Delaware River where we have a home on the water. It's eleven feet wide, referencing the famous Eakins painting, "The Champion" except my wife is in a yellow kayak rather than Max Schmitt. Paul found a great way to paint the bucolic surroundings near our home while incorporating his interest in industrial architecture. It looks fantastic. In the dining room you could say there is a group show of Gallery artists. It's dominated by a three by seven foot still life, with food of course, that Matt Pierog painted for us. In the bedroom

hangs a five foot color photograph of my wife taken by Jock Sturges. She spent a week with him in the south of France last summer posing nude, and then wrote an essay about her experience for the exhibition catalog of his last show.

If you were a Gallery owner in the 1700's, which artist would you have represented?

My favorite painting of all time is the masterpiece, *The Coronation of Napoleon* by Jacques-Louis David. It is monumental and the figures are life size so standing in front of it in the Louvre is an incredible experience. The painting is timeless. He would be my choice.



Installation view, Raphaella Spence/Roberto Bernardi: Beijing Project

What has been your biggest challenge in today's market?

I believe there is no market, not like they teach you in business school. As an art gallery, it's impossible to have a "business plan." We are one of the few Galleries in the world exclusively exhibiting contemporary realist painting. We have our niche and our collectors know what to expect from us, but we always need new things to interest and surprise them, whether it's new work by our existing artists or new artists they can add to their collections. We're like chronic gamblers in that sense. You hang a show and you never know (unless you've sold everything in advance.) Of course everyone wants to know how to find new clients. Art fairs were a good idea, but that doesn't work so well anymore. So we update our website daily, we advertise selectively both on line and in print and we produce great catalogs. We have a

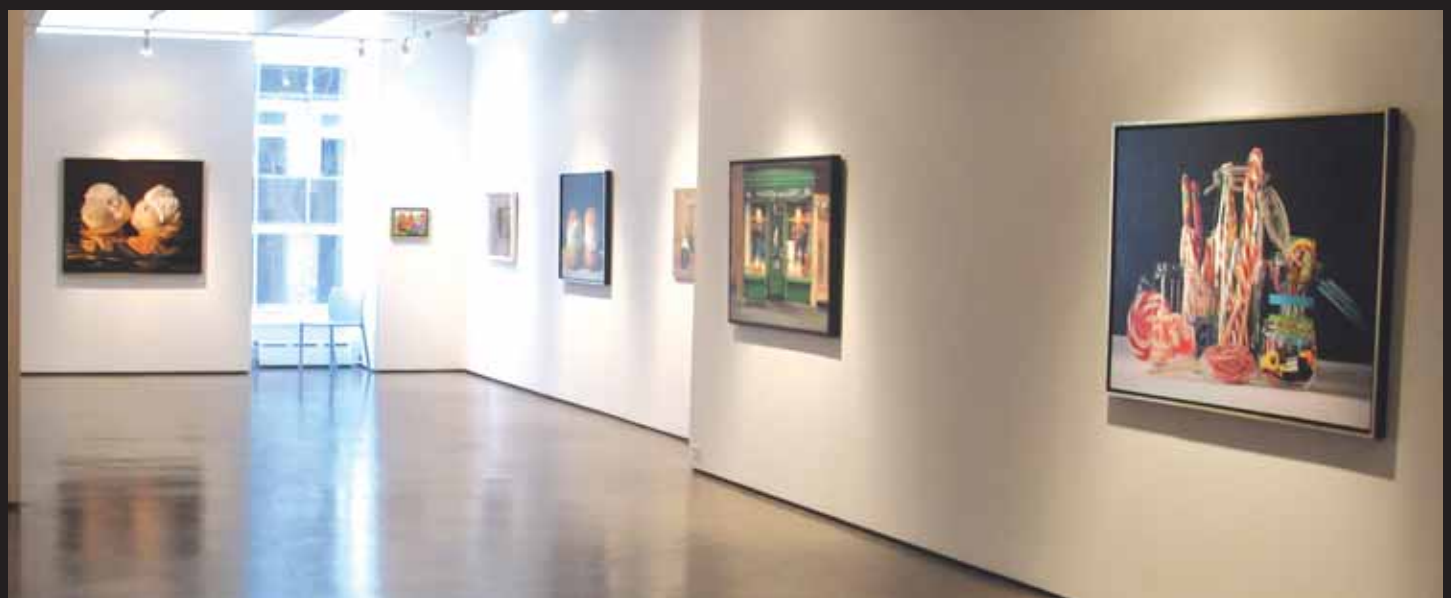
well-edited client list from which we get referrals. But mostly it's our artists who have a following. We like them to exhibit at other venues so new collectors can see the work, but since the paintings are so labor intensive they don't produce very many and we sell most of them so it's more of a challenge to make that happen.

How has the economy affected your Gallery?

As I said earlier, we're expanding. We're taking a full floor that we couldn't touch two years ago. When things bounce back we'll already have a space that others will be paying a premium for. We are fortunate to be in a position to take advantage of that right now.

What is the funniest thing that has ever happened in your Gallery?

Art dealers have no sense of humor. Can't help you there.





A series of portraits (acrylic on canvas 15.75"x15.75") by Hubert de Lartigue



LEFT TO RIGHT: Mark Workman: *Deserted* acrylic on paper 30"x84"
 John DeAndrea: *Amber Seated* painted bronze with mixed media life-size
 Mark Workman: *River Blues* acrylic on paper 15.5"x72"
 John DeAndrea: *Amber Reclining* painted bronze with mixed media life-size



LEFT TO RIGHT: *Myriam*, *Princesse*, *Portrait de Miss P*, *Petite Marie*, *La Boudeuse*, *Thorn*



LEFT TO RIGHT: John DeAndrea: *Amber Reclining* painted bronze with mixed media life-size
 Mark Workman: *Throwing Caution to the Wind* acrylic on paper 29"x84"
 John DeAndrea: *Lisa* painted bronze with mixed media life-size





LEF TO RIGHT:

Luciano Ventrone:
La Natura Delle Cose
oil on canvas 20"x23.5"

Bernardo Torrens:
Alli Te Espero
acrylic on wood 36"x28.75"

Bernardo Torrens:
Holly I
acrylic on wood 25.5"x32"

Hilo Chen:
Beach 156
oil on canvas 36"x48"



Gallery artists and
their spouses

LEFT TO RIGHT:
Bertrand Meniel,
Raphalla Spence,
Mary & Frank
Bernarducci,
Emily Raimondi,
Patricia Meniel,
Roberto Bernardi

LOCATION:
St.-Jean-Cap-Ferrat,
France





Michael-Earle Carlton



While a resident of Mexico City while studying art, Michael-Earle returned to a childhood pleasure of writing short stories, which resulted in numerous awards over a span of years. Her interest for writing poetry began in 1972. Aside from having oeuvre published in numerous anthologies and various magazines, she was also a guest poet in both Guatemala and in Merida, Mexico.

Michael-Earle teaches poetry in ongoing workshops, and conducts monthly open poetry readings in her home. She is often invited to share her poems at local events. Her enjoyment of writing and teaching poetry is heightened when she is able to watch potential poets as they become empowered with words, while expanding their imaginations to compose works with complete understanding of what they are doing.

When not writing, or spending time with her household pets, she works as a residential interior designer.

A DREAMER

If someone asked what my dream-man
would look like, my choice would be you.
Tall, thin and dark. A mirror perfect
image of father, without his moustache.
Back when we first met, we laughed easily,
then came just this close to making love.
Being together was easy, often electric.
When we finally parted, morning clouds
.
quickened with day's first light. Only
a closing front door of my car when I
left you, divided us, leaving me alone,
once more. Bringing to mind my
father, who never returned once he
left. Will you? I may cry for an hour
or two, then you, too, will be forgotten.
It's not time for me to bury ghosts.
Tonight, I will close my eyes and
smell the sweetness of your breath;
then touch you in my dreams. Awake,
I will miss the hell out of you, and what
we might have shared, if given time.



Photo circa 1967

SEEDLING

Around the corner from the street where we had lived, when I was a child, was a green grocer's outdoor stand, filled with boxes of tart-tasting apples, alongside wedged green bananas, and near bursting-clumps of multi-hued grapes, along with other unrecognized edibles,. each wafting foreign odours well above passing persons. My favourite item was a heavily laden, sidewalk leaning, worn brown burlap bag, bearing over-filled grains of fresh (then unknown) grass seeds, which were scooped in both hands, to be quickly devoured by inviting mouth, with hope that even a single, minute seed would soon form inside my then ever-young belly, making a child of my own, to love me..

DAISIES RECALLED

It took months, then years, of guerilla warfare between us. Truce was never declared. You named one day detente. I called it desertion. On leaving, you climbed into your car, folding yourself between a high pile of bed linens, along with your share of bath towels. You were wearing that ugly red plaid shirt bought by your first wife, before we wed.. The one I hated. Seeing it worn, I knew that would be our last shared moment. You growled an epitaph during haste to escape. Shedding tears, I wished for your return, not really wanting you to. Eventually, I recalled a daisy patch growing near our front gate. Each season's end, I watched as they withered into dry, brown, spider-like petals, dropping one by one, too quickly, to find myself doing the same. Over passing months, I would recall those daisies, to wonder if they still grew. Sorrow deepened. Until a year, exactly, after you departed, I found that same patch of daisies had returned, then understood, with time, I would heal.

GRACE CAVALIERI INTERVIEWS

Kim Noriega

Kim Noriega was born in Cleveland, Ohio. Her premiere book has won national praise for shining a light on battered women and domestic violence through the lens of startling poetry. She is fast becoming recognized as a voice for women through her art. Kim teaches poetry to adults and teens in recovery homes and public libraries, and facilitates family literacy programs for low-literate adults with small children, to help them break the cycle of intergenerational low literacy. Her poem, "Name Me" was a finalist for the 2009 Joy Harjo Poetry Prize. Kim lives in San Diego with her husband, Ernie, and close to their daughter, Leiha. Her book of poetry, *Name Me*, is from Fortunate Daughter Press.

GC: When I read your lyrical poetry about physical violence and then I read Mel Gibson's words of violence, I think *Silk* is stronger than *Steel*.

KN: I remember going to a steel factory when I was about sixteen. (I grew up in Cleveland, Ohio.) Watching the molten metal being poured from that huge crucible was mesmerizing. When I hear *Silk is stronger than Steel*, I think of the fact that spider silk is technically stronger than steel, but I have to admit that I'd prefer steel in a building. Perhaps though, what you're saying is that there's a quiet strength in silk, a surprising strength. I think there's a surprising strength in poetry. It provides places where our humanity can thrive. Audre Lorde's essay, *Poetry is Not a Luxury*, has always been a touchstone for me. In the essay, Lorde speaks of the great power that lies in poetry to change the lens through which we view the world. I can't comprehend why women would ever listen to, or purchase music that graphically depicts violent acts against women. What I hope is that my work can speak for people who've been silenced. I know my work inspires people to speak up about violence in their lives. When I do readings there is always at least one person who comes up to me afterward to relate an experience of violence.

GC: What are the elements of poetry you love?

KN: I love the music of poetry. I love the way each word choice enhances the music and pace of a poem. I love the work that one metaphor

can do in a poem. I love the precision of language in poetry—the absolute necessity of each word, space and mark of punctuation.

GC: Were you a writer before or after personal trauma?

KN: I don't tend to think of my experiences as personal trauma, I think of them as grist for the mill, which perhaps answers the question—I feel I've always been a writer. In fact, I feel that I was a writer before I could even write, though I started writing when I was fairly young. I loved to hear and tell stories. I started writing stories down and making little illustrated books when I was in first grade. I still have a few of them, like the classic, *Kim Andrews' Mystery on Stairs*. I started writing poems pretty early on too. I can say that I wrote poetry to cope emotionally during several periods in my life. I wrote poems when I was nineteen, pregnant and my boyfriend left me for another woman. I wrote my way through my divorce. I've always felt grateful that I could write poetry to help me through those times, but I never thought of poetry as something I would pursue for anything other than personal satisfaction. I hadn't read much contemporary poetry either yet, and so I didn't really understand what poetry could do. I didn't write much poetry at all for many years. I wrote articles for a small, local newspaper. I wrote advertising copy and a couple of radio spots. I wrote stories for my daughter. I finally realized that writing poetry was what I really wanted to do, when I stumbled on Emily Dickinson's poem, *If I Can Stop One*

Heart from Breaking, in my daughter's *Highlights Magazine* (of all places). I started going to an annual poetry workshop in the mountains here in California. Eventually I got up the courage to ask the director of that program, a poet whose work I love, if she would mentor me and, fortunately, she said yes. I've been lucky to work with Cecilia Woloch for the past seven years or so. In the past few years I feel like I've truly become a poet rather than someone who writes poetry on the side.

GC: Does telling your story lessen the sting or deepen the emotional entanglement?

KN: In the midst of writing about painful experiences, I do tend to relive them, but I think that's all a part of the alchemy. Taking so much time and care with my own history—not only recording it but working diligently to create an account that is also beautiful—is a profoundly self-affirming act. Scrutinizing each event, the way one does when writing a poem, stings at first, but eventually there's an emotional shift—often a sense of completion and greater understanding. It is not all autobiographical. For instance, the title poem of my book, *Name Me*, is a composite persona piece. While portions of the poem reflect personal history, I also did extensive research to write that piece. Many details in the poem come from biographies in the book I quote in its epigraph by Dr. Elizabeth Leonard, *Convicted Survivor: The Imprisonment of Battered Women Who Kill* and from *Sisters in Pain: Battered Women Fight Back* by L.

Elisabeth Beattie and Mary Angela Shaughnessy, SCN. Reading the accounts of what these women endured was like peeling off my skin. Some of the stories were so similar my own history that I was shocked into realizing that what I'd experienced was indeed abuse. Many things though, were far beyond anything I'd ever encountered. The women in these books were literally tortured, physically and psychologically.

GC: Were you surprised that Ted Kooser found your work? When it was in *AMERICAN LIFE IN POETRY*?

KN: I don't think *surprised* covers it. An email came stating that Mr. Kooser wanted to use my poem, "Heaven, 1963" in his column. I was at home in my writing room and I just started saying "Holy shit!" over and over. My husband, Ernie was in the next room saying "What? What's happened?" I just kept saying, "Holy shit!" I'm grateful I didn't think it was spam and just chuck it into my trash! The column is online, syndicated in about 300 newspapers, in 2007, and also gets picked up by many online journals.

GC: What are the way writers can find courage, overcome shame to achieve an authentic voice?

KN: Having courage is being willing to write from my heart (cower), to write about the soft spots, the parts that make me laugh and cry. I've had unwavering support from several generous mentors, counselors and friends to help me do this. Allowing myself to write badly has also helped a lot. Accepting my individual writing process has helped too. I'm not a daily writer. I write in fits and starts. I revise and revise and revise. I think this is all a part of the process of writing with authenticity, which to me is simply *me* trying to be *me* instead of *me* trying to be *you*. Attention to craft can be a sneaky way around the difficulty of shameful or emotionally charged topics for me. Focusing on diction, line breaks, white space, etc. can shift my focus enough to ease through some of the tough spots. It also enhances precision. It's exhilarating to absolutely nail an experience or feeling with words. It strengthens my confidence which gives me more courage. Using third person and persona poems helps me gain a little

distance, a little perspective—especially in first drafts. Attention to craft can also point out areas where I'm being less than courageous, where I've tried to gloss over something I really need to dig in to. Dull, vague, or sloppy language is a tell tale sign. I think we each have motivators that work more effectively than others. Things that make us brave. I've been intensely motivated by my desire to be a role model for my daughter, which to me means being a woman of integrity, a woman who wouldn't let fear or circumstances dictate behavior. For me to be that woman, I have to write poetry. There's a quote I love by Anais Nin: *And the day came when the risk to remain tight in a bud was more painful than the risk it took to bloom.* Writing also requires a significant amount of emotional stamina. In the beginning, I'd be exhausted after writing a few stanzas. Over time, I built the stamina to write for longer and longer periods of time. Now I'll be writing and not even notice the passage of most of a day.

GC: What was your understanding of a literary culture when you were growing up?

KN: I don't think I had any formal concept of a literary culture when I was growing up. I feel I lived a bit of a sheltered life as a kid. Or perhaps the focus was just limited to my immediate world—my family, my neighborhood. My dad used to tell my sister and me stories every night before bed—all the characters were versions of someone in our family, mostly my sister and me. My parents were both avid readers—they read fiction, non-fiction, newspapers—we had lots of books in the house. I still have books that were mine as a kid and even some that belonged to my parents when they were kids. We went to the local library every week. I grew up going to story time. I credit my parents for instilling a love of books and literature and storytelling in me—quite a gift.

GC: Describe yourself at age 16.

KN: I'd have to say that I started out 1977, the year I turned sixteen, pretty idealistic, pretty outspoken and spunky (some might say *mouthy*) even though life was far from perfect. I was a sophomore in High School and taking a heavy load of classes because I'd received

permission to graduate in my junior year. I was insanely in love with Rich (my future ex-husband) and he was already in so much trouble with the law for theft, beating people up and drug dealing that he'd been given an "option" to leave the state or go to some sort of juvenile detention. He was sent to a military school in Indiana. That summer, I went to Europe for a month with a school group. After Madrid and Florence and Salzburg and Paris, I was no longer content with my ordinary life. The European lifestyle seemed to suit me perfectly, right down to the strong coffee, which I loved. The trip bolstered my self-esteem and confidence, which was waning under the weight of the crazy relationship I was in and the dual life I was leading. I had no sense of being pretty; I'd been an obese child, put on a diet at age six, teased horribly at school, and while I was slim at sixteen, I never thought of myself as attractive, though I was. In Europe I got a lot of attention, but not in a creepy way, like in the States, more like appreciation. I also had freedom at a level I'd never experienced—all with no input from Rich, who was extremely jealous and tended to try to control what I did. Coupled with being away from my mom's alternating smothering and neglect—I found I was able to sort out a more clear sense of self. When I returned home, dissatisfaction with my life remained, and some of my new sense of self did as well. Rich went back to military school, but not before sleeping with a "friend" of mine while I was in Europe. I went on to my junior year of high school which was also my senior year. Shortly thereafter, though, two earthquakes hit my life: Rich had a nervous breakdown and ended up in the psychiatric ward in an Indiana hospital; while he was there my paternal grandfather committed suicide in the psychiatric ward of a hospital in Cleveland (he'd tried to shoot himself with his own shot gun, but my grandmother walked in on him)—he was manic depressive (before lithium) and in and out of hospitals for years throughout my childhood. He killed himself on Halloween. These events were far beyond my ability to cope. We didn't even talk about it, that I recall. It seems everyone just shook their heads; said grandpa was crazy and started shopping for Christmas. I had terrible nightmares. I began walking in my sleep. Drinking was fairly acceptable in my family—my

sister and I had been given “wine spritzers” (mostly seven up) since we were little, and we had permission to drink a cocktail with dinner if it was a special occasion — but I drank in earnest that year. I drank my way through the last three months of 1977. It didn’t help that my mom was now into the occult and reported periodic sightings of my grandfather and spent part of her time trying to help him “cross over.” Things in our home had deteriorated, obviously. I bought quite a bit of wine (one could do that at sixteen back then at the right store) a pound of pot, a car and my filly, Stardust, with my inheritance. It was one of the most pivotal years of my life. I changed. I think I was in shock. I lost much of my spunk and most of my idealism. I became introspective and quiet. Everyone I loved became mortal.

GC: Since readers have a disproportionate influence on writers, how do you ignore this as you work? Do you think of the impact of your poetry?

KN: I don’t necessarily agree that readers have a disproportionate influence on writers, at least not the writers I know. Personally, the only readers I think about are the people in my poems, and only when I’m considering publication. There are things I’ve written that I may never publish. It’s hard enough to overcome the resistance to writing about emotionally complex situations or painful events without inviting the reader to the page prematurely. I do think of the impact of my poetry. I try to use my work to hopefully do some good in the world.

GC: What were your assumptions about “poets” before you were one?

KN: I did have assumptions about writers in general. I thought they must always be happy because they are WRITERS. I assumed they all smoke. I may have thought they are broke (but happy). Though I wasn’t conscious of it, I must have thought they are more god than human because when I started meeting writers I was surprised—they eat and sleep and love and succeed and fail—some talk smack about people and complain about money. I’ve been fortunate to meet some wonderful writers—many of whom are poets—and my experience is that they cover the gamut of

humanity; however, they are nearly always fascinating conversationalists and generally willing to chat till the wee hours of any morning. It seems all writers I know can be depended on for at least two great book recommendations at any given time.

GC: What is your daughter’s response to your poetry?

KN: My darling daughter Leihal! She’s one of my biggest fans and has been very supportive of pretty much everything I’ve ever aspired to do. She especially likes it when I write about her. She’s also partial to my more “kick ass” poems like “Name Me,” and a sestina I wrote about the misogyny in Eminem’s song, “Stay Wide Awake.” She was already a teenager when I started writing seriously and an adult by the time I’d written some of the more intense poems. I think some of the pieces give her perspective about how young her biological father and I were when we met and also that while our relationship was ridiculously dysfunctional, there was love too. Some of the poems have made her very angry with him though. She was pretty pissed off that he put me in danger driving drunk (in the poem, “The Light of Day”) and she was extremely upset by the fact that he’d held a knife to my throat, which she hadn’t consciously known until she read it in one of my poems, although she was there when it happened. She was about eighteen months old and I was holding her in my arms. I don’t think she’s shocked by the things I write though. She lived in the volatile home I write about. Even if she doesn’t consciously know or can’t verbalize the particulars of everything that happened, she lived in the midst of violence and suffered for it. She lived with my shortcomings even longer than with those of my ex-husband, although the violence in our home left when he did. I made a lot of mistakes, but she thinks I’m the best mother on the planet. I think she’s proud of me, proud that I resurrected a dream and found a way to bring it to fruition. She goes to all my readings, has every poem I’ve ever published on her entryway table, sends out Facebook promotions about everything I do, helps me with submissions and talks about me to anyone who’ll listen.

GC: Describe the work you do in family literacy programs?

KN: I love my work in family literacy. It’s the best day job I’ve ever had. I work for the San Diego Public Library’s adult literacy program, READ/San Diego, as the Family Literacy Coordinator. We train volunteer tutors to teach English speaking adults—who read at, or below, the eighth grade level—how to read and write. We teach basic math too, if a student is interested. Research shows that low-literacy is intergenerational and that the way to end the cycle is to help low-literate parents improve their own literacy skills, while simultaneously helping them teach their children emergent literacy skills. This is what we work to do in the family literacy program. It’s such a perfect fit for me—I love children, I love stories and books. Thinking up crafts that complement the books we read and interacting with kids feeds my creativity. I love how enchanted kids are with the sounds of the alphabet and I have literally teared up when I hear a child read who couldn’t read before. I’m even sappier about the adults. I value the written word so much—I feel like I’m giving these families the keys to a whole new kingdom. I’m not really wrong. In a literate society, non-literate people struggle just to get by. I can’t imagine raising my daughter without being able to read and write—no bedtime stories, no notes in her lunch box. I can’t imagine having to ask someone to read her report card to me. I love that one of the program’s primary missions is to help families build home libraries, something I had the luxury of taking for granted as a child. I love sharing books with people. Each family gets (to keep) a brand new copy of every book we read during the story time portion of the program. They also get to pick five gently used “bonus books” for doing certain literacy related activities with their children—especially reading together at home. I love that whole families attend the program—sometimes even grandparents. One mom takes her children to four or five programs each month, usually by bus. I’m proud that I contribute to a program that makes such a big difference in these families’ lives. The ripple effect is immeasurable. One mom started coming to the program despite her husband’s misgivings, and now he’s getting help with his own literacy. They do their homework together. This is what I get to do every day. Plus, when the kids see me they come running with hugs! How can you beat that for a day job?!

Jeremy Geddes

www.jeremygeddesart.com

<http://jeremygeddesart.blogspot.com>



Jeremy Geddes studied painting at the Victorian College of the Arts in Melbourne, Australia and began working full time as a painter in 2003. His paintings have been published widely in various magazines, comics and books, and are collected around the world.

Jeremy is most well known for his paintings of cosmonauts floating, falling, colliding and drifting in empty landscapes. He will be expanding on this theme in his next series of paintings. He has recently returned from an exhibition in Beijing.

Jeremy was born in Wellington, New Zealand, and now lives in Melbourne, Australia with his wife and whippet.



White Cosmonaut oil on board 27"x26"



Red Cosmonaut oil on board 26"x27"



Q&A JEREMY GEDDES

Do you have a ritual you follow before each new work is started?

I don't have a specific ritual; however, there are a number of steps I go through before beginning a large painting.

I usually have 4 or 5 ideas and have a large collection of reference material that informs these ideas. I then work through these ideas,

building a tonal composition for each, trying to find a composition that is engaging and communicates the original idea. At this stage some ideas will be discarded, others will be drawn up and painted as studies. These studies allow me to understand what works and what doesn't in the painting, refine colours, alter forms and get to a point where I am satisfied that the main issues

have been resolved. Then these studies are put aside for some time, revised, revisited, discarded and perhaps repainted until I feel I am properly prepared to start the large painting.

This process ensures that I have properly thought through most of the problems that may arise in the painting. However, I am never fully successful at this, as once it has



Heat Death oil on linen 16"x38"

begun, each painting brings up unanticipated dilemmas, but I attempt it none-the-less.

What medium have you not used in the past that you may wish to try out?

Painting is difficult enough, but I have always been interested in trying out sculpture. I expect that the learning curve would be similar to that of painting though, and would require a serious time commitment before I would be able to produce anything

worth showing. This may keep it out of reach for now, but perhaps one day.

What will be your signature painting?

I don't think I have produced that work yet, at least I hope I haven't. I still feel like I'm progressing towards the works that I really want to do, inching towards that place, one painting at a time. Perhaps I will always feel like that.

If I ever do produce that seminal, signature piece, however, I wouldn't want to know. I'm not sure how you move on from that point, if the only place to go is down.

So In short, I don't think I have, I'm not sure I ever will, and I don't want to know about it if I do.

How have social networks such as Facebook, Twitter and others



come into play with your art?

I've found social media to be invaluable in expanding my profile, particularly as, being in Australia, I'm far from major art communities. The internet has allowed me to have direct communication with people interested in my work from all over the world, and in a far more personal way than would be possible through a gallery show.

And for the most part, artists seem to be in the enviable position of receiving all of the benefits of the internet whilst dodging most of the downsides that are plaguing the large scale entertainment industries such as music, movies and games. Being low volume and high value, painting doesn't lend itself easily to piracy. We have the best of both worlds.

How does your family life come into play with your artistic life?

My wife is a ceramicist and we both work from home studios and function as a single unit. We haven't had children as this has allowed us to take greater financial risks than we might have, had the situation been different. But the most important aspect has been being in an environment where we are able to support each other in the choices we make and the work we do.

The Cafe

oil on linen

16"x29"



Study for Cluster oil on board 27"x27"



"I'm always hesitant to attach any words to my paintings. I consider painting a purely visual medium and if explanation is required to extract value from the piece then that is proof that I have failed."

JEREMY GEDDES



Brent Calderwood is a writer, editor and singer-songwriter. After studying human sexuality at the University of Amsterdam and English literature at the CUNY Graduate Center, he now lives in San Francisco, less than thirty miles from his hometown. His essays and reviews are published widely; his poetry has appeared in *Gertrude*, *American Poetry Journal*, *The Gay & Lesbian Review Worldwide*, *Art & Understanding*, *Slow Trains*, *modern words*, and in the book *Poets 11*. He has twice received Lambda Literary Foundation fellowships for poetry, and in May 2010 he was named poet laureate for San Francisco's Sunset District by the San Francisco Public Library. His favorite musician is Joni Mitchell; his poems and songs, which are filled with more confession and heartbreak than he'd like to admit, show her corrupting influence.

Introspective: *Fault Zone*

A few years ago, I was taking a class in New York that focused on 20th-century book-length poems, including Gertrude Stein's *Tender Buttons* and Bernadette Mayer's *Midwinter Day*—two texts that, aside from having both become feminist classics, couldn't be any more different. Mayer's plainspoken, off-the-cuff style, free of showy symbolism and metaphor, as well as her conviction that a receptive audience existed for details like chopping vegetables for dinner, gave me the permission I needed to write "Fault Zone," which started out as a long suite of poems about having grown up 3,000 miles from Manhattan in a working-class Bay Area suburb along the Hayward Fault. I returned to "Fault Zone" obsessively over the course of several months, removing sections that worked better as separate poems and shoring up slack lines, while still aiming for a casual tone. In the end, despite Mayer's influence, I couldn't resist injecting a little symbolism and metaphor—from the title's suggestion of both psychic and geological tumult down to the pink and blue tourmaline ring I never really found.

FAULT ZONE

Since faults usually do not consist of a single, clean fracture, the term fault zone is used when referring to the zone of complex deformation that is associated with the fault plane.

—Tom L. McKnight, *Physical Geography*

Earthquake days,
we ducked under our desks
till the rumbling stopped, then went outside to play.
We were taught to cover our necks and faces, the soft parts.
I was soft everywhere, too big to fit under a desk.
Tremors made batches burn
at the Ghirardelli Chocolate Factory in San Leandro.
I can't prove this,
but it's what I remember, the rattle
and the sweet rancor. (Same smell today in Penn Station—
confection stand near piss-soaked concrete.)

At recess I sat on the same bench as always,
looking through thick lenses
to see where grass in the cracked blacktop had been uprooted.
Nothing had moved, it seemed, but later,
on rainy days, coffee cans in skylit hallways
caught water through crazed panes,
the tinny echoes like aftershocks.

I dug holes in the backyard
by the artichoke plant and the apricot tree,
searching for arrowheads left behind by the Ohlones
before the Spanish, Portuguese and Irish settled there.
I found scraps of glass,
beer-bottle brown or cobalt blue, and twice
little ceramic animals,
a fawn and a rabbit from Red Rose Tea packages, and once
a ring. Tourmaline, pink with blue occlusions.

REVIEW BY GRADY HARP

Julia San Román

METAMORPHOSIS/EPIPHANY

*"I've often lost myself,
in order to find the burn
that keeps everything
awake"*

Federico García Lorca

JULIA SAN ROMÁN has experienced a life of changes not unlike the journey from pupa to butterfly. Born in Madrid, Spain, gratefully close to the Prado Museum where during her schooling in an atmospheric 17th century Order of Mercy building, she spent hours with the art antiquities of Spanish history, including falling under the spell of the masterful paintings of Francisco Zurbarán. Although she concentrated her formal education on science (she earned her PhD in Biomedical Science), the influence of her childhood exposure to art remained an integral part of her passion for life. In 1988 she immigrated to the United States to pursue a career in scientific research, but the obsession with art continued to blossom and since 2000 she has committed her life to painting. Once the butterfly in Julia San Román's epiphany emerged her painting progressed through stages of exploring her, not surprisingly, aspect of her training in the life sciences: reflections of her feminine side



concentrated on fertility and on those aspects that physically define female and male. Her early explorations of representational painting allowed her meticulous attention to detail that she had absorbed as a child from the Spanish masters such as the famous still life's of Zurbarán. Conquering such steps in gaining her own painterly language gradually allowed her to move from the tight, succinctly defined images of her early work to a gradual loosening of her brush technique and spatial explorations as her confidence in her craft grew more



Symphony: Blue_Symphony

secure. The brush has now been augmented with the palette knife, allowing more freedom of expression and a more poetic, passionate approach to her subject.

And her subjects, though always evolving in the manner they are expressed, are constant: the human figure interacting with nature and most significantly, with birds – in flight, at rest, and in relation to the figure. Birds for San Román have become the liberating icon, the ever present emphasis on the spirit taking flight above the ephemeral toward the



Duende III



Duende VI



Cante Jondo: Perishable

spiritual eternal. 'The unifying quality of my paintings is their romantic nature. As a romantic painter I yearn for the pure, transcendental and universal in life. Thus, I create my art to convey a state of mind that longs to escape the quotidian. Being raised with a strong sense of the past, I like to look back in history to transcend the face of a present world that I find socially and technically alienating.'

The paintings of Julia San Román tend to fall into groups or periods of emphasis, each group of new works being informed by the earlier works, but each new area of expression becoming more lyrical – less narrative, more attuned to a sensual pause of a poetic moment. In the series ***Duende*** (freely translated from the Spanish art word that deals with emotion, expression, authenticity – or soul!) she deals with birds as detailed images, whereas in the more recent ***Cante Jondo*** the near impressionistic birds are in flight as trajectories of her earthbound imagination.

The figures have also developed along similar lines: In the series ***Symphony*** she has transitioned from the tightly drawn, realistic torso above to the semi-aqueous appearance of the lower portion of the painting: the upper portion is of air and adds the bird; the lower portion is submerged, even to the point of origin of the figure as an embryo in utero. In the series ***Brief*** the figures while readily defined become more fragile, transient and lyrical, nearly dissolving into the space not only surrounding the figure but also into the indefinable space of eternity.

Another aspect of San Román's paintings is the florid

Brief: I Am Guell



Brief: La Pintura



"Only
mystery
allows us
to live,
only
mystery."

Federico
García Lorca



*Cante
Jondo:
La Noche*

use of her Spanish heritage in surprising and refreshing ways. The flapping of the birds' wings in space and the balletic motion of her approach to pigment and its placement on a canvas is inspired by

the artist's fascination and memories of the flamenco hand clapping, an integral aspect of the total art of flamenco expression. Perhaps this is a reason that her paintings have come to a point where they are never static

but instead are dancing. From a woman of scientific searching she has metamorphosed into a choreographer of thoughts barely tangible to words. And we are the witnesses to her epiphany.

Brief: Kauai I



Brief: La Mistica



Jason de Graaf

www.jasondegraaf.com



Jason de Graaf was born in Montreal in 1971. He currently lives and works in Oka, Quebec, Canada. After studying Illustration & Design and doing a few commissions, he realized he was not suited to that career path and so, slowly, he began producing paintings which have become more and more personal and sophisticated. Since 2006 he has participated in numerous group exhibits and has had two solo shows at Jacana gallery in Vancouver, Canada. He has participated in group shows in London, Vancouver, Amsterdam, and Montreal. His work are in collections in Europe, Canada and the United States. He is currently represented by Jacana gallery in Vancouver, Plus One gallery in London, UK. and Galerie de Bellefeuille in Montreal, Canada.



A Wave Of Refreshment acrylic on canvas 24"x 30"



ABOVE:
Dalliance
acrylic on
canvas
24"x 36"



RIGHT:
Bedlam
acrylic on
canvas
24"x 30"



Strawberries On Foil acrylic on canvas 24"x 36"

Q&A JASON DE GRAAF

Do you have a ritual you follow before each new work is started?

Not so much a ritual as it is a process. The process of coming up with an idea, taking the photos, drawing, moving things around, preparing the canvas, transferring the drawing onto the canvas and then painting. I try to leave as little time as possible between the end of one painting and the beginning of the next. Sometimes I will start a new painting while part way through another. Usually because I have become fatigued with what I'm working on and need to refresh myself.

What is your pet peeve?

The apparent animosity between organizations that promote realism and abstract art. And also, along those lines, the dogmatic adherence to any one school of art.

How has digital accessibility come into play with your work?

Going from using a film to digital camera has freed me up to take

gads more photographs.. maybe too many at times, without thinking of the cost of film development. I print the photos at home and I also work from the photo when it's put up on my laptop screen. It's made my life a lot more efficient and easier.

What is your preferred medium and why?

I took Illustration and Design in college. During one class a local illustrator named Sharif Tarabay came in to give a slideshow of his work and he also did a short painting demonstration using acrylics. Watching him paint with acrylics during that short demonstration formed the basis of the technique I've developed in the 14 years since. I thought "If he can achieve such results with acrylics then it's good enough for me". I have yet to try oils. Maybe someday.

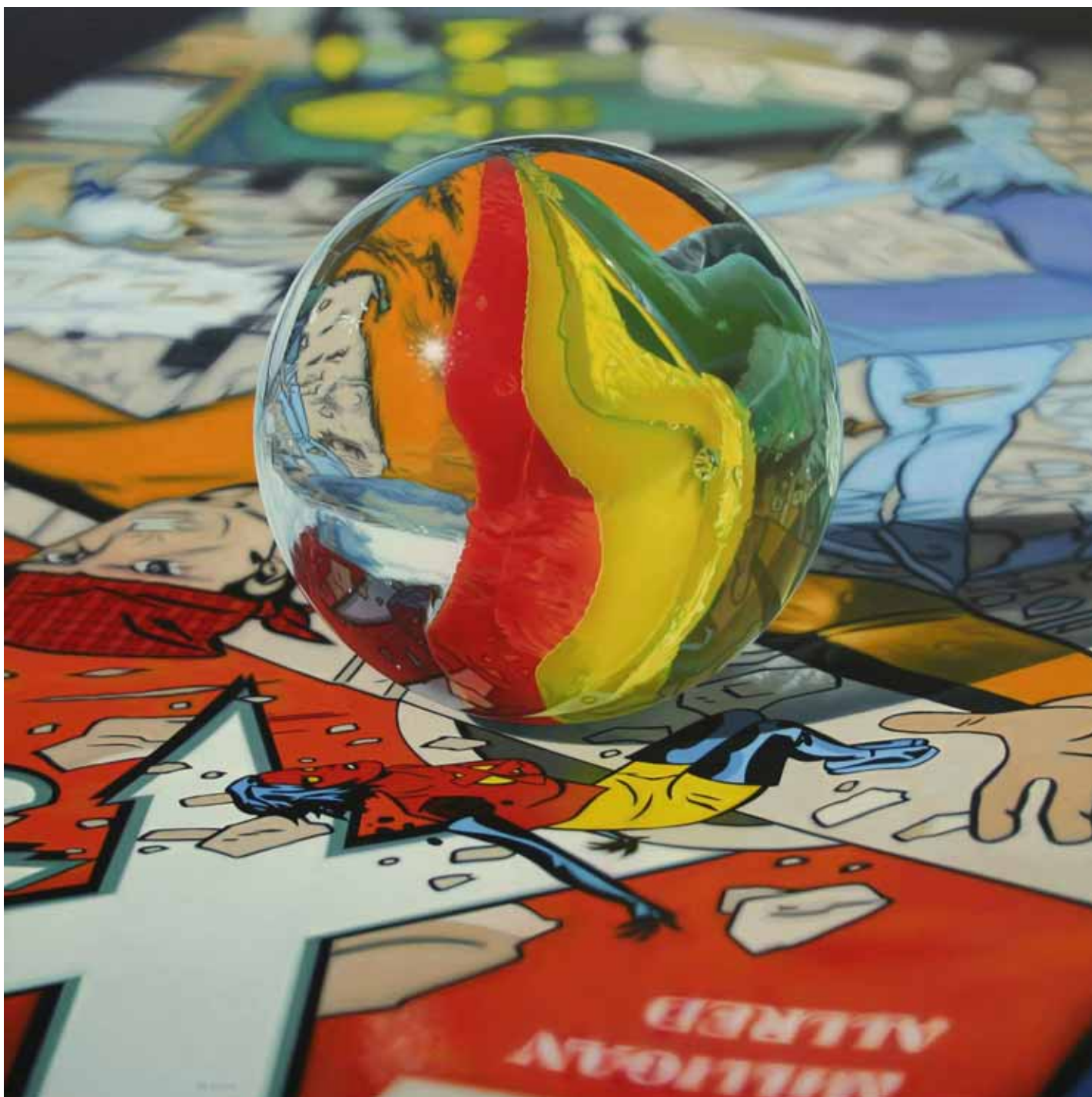
What is the best piece of advice you can offer an artist just starting out?

Perseverance has been such a

huge part of my career. I've worked many hours in partial isolation from the world to find my voice as a painter. I used to say that I've sacrificed a lot for my art but I've recently come to the conclusion that as a shy person, I've also been hiding behind my paintings as well. If you're struggling it can be tough on you to witness some artists achieve success, leaving you to wonder "why not me?". Be tough, be honest with yourself about what you want and your ability to achieve it. Network with other artists, particularly those that are further ahead in their careers than you are.

Finish this sentence. In an ideal situation I would be in the same publication with the following artists:

M. C. Escher, Luciano Ventrone, Dave McKean, Mike Allred, Josef Albers and Johannes Vermeer. Not that I feel I'm deserving of being in their company or anything, but they are artists that inspire me.



The X-Statix acrylic on canvas 30"x30"

"My paintings are about creating an illusion of verisimilitude on the painted surface, filtered so that it expresses my unique vision. Though I use photographs as the image source, my goal is not to reproduce or document faithfully what I see, but to create an illusion of depth and sense of presence not found in photographs. Many of my paintings are about the relationship of light with reflective and transparent surfaces and my journey to understand those qualities and convey my sense of wonder and intrigue over them. Lately I have been trying to imbue my paintings with a sense of narrative and lyricism."



JASON DE GRAAF



Untitled (Self Portrait) acrylic on canvas 30"x30"

Introspective: *Untitled (Self Portrait)*

The seeds of this painting came about as I was just goofing around one day, taking photos of my studio reflected in a mirror-ball Christmas tree ornament. What it developed into is an homage to an influential artist, MC Escher, to my dad and also to the solitude and isolation that can come with being an artist. My dad had this book on Escher which I've spent countless hours pouring over since I was a child. It's the same book featured in the painting. Escher was the first artist I really responded to. His works were the first where I made the connection between a piece art and that

someone actually made them, with their hands. My dad was a very good draftsman but his passion was really photography, he died when I was 10. I often wonder what my dad would make of my paintings and I wonder what influence he has had on my art.

I think part of the challenge with "Untitled (Self)" was that I was attempting something that could have easily become overly sentimental and maudlin. Technically, the main challenge here was filling in the space where the reflection of a camera ought to be in the middle of the sphere. I had to take many reference photos from varying angles.

Lindsay Oncken

Lindsay Oncken is a 17-year-old student, born and bred in Houston, Texas. Her creative writing has appeared or will appear in Pindeldyboz, PANK, and The Blue Pencil Online.



Season

It's all silly yellow dresses, simple
like the whiff of something floral
when she flips her hair. We hold hands,
skip along the paintbrush stroke of shorelines.
She is backyard strawberries
and the feeling of breath like earth,
mossy and warm - quiet like a thin layer of dirt,
sea salt that lingers in dry hair.

The air stays thick, southern breath
exhaling dandelion seeds
and curling around our waists to sleep.
We evolve like horses hugging the land's belly,
testing the ground with shy hooves
and we stand, poised, on the season's restless tongue.

Introspective: Season

I wrote "Season" late one night in my mother's dark dining room. I remember this because all the darkness made me miss sunshine, and missing sunshine made me want to write about summer. I'll admit there's nothing specific behind this poem, no events or faces, only sentiments: growing with a best friend, and the feeling of freedom and expectation. I suppose it's easiest to say that I wanted to preserve my attitude now, balanced on the cusp of something big. Old enough to know secret bonds and friendships, young enough to expect and hope for everything.

Jennifer Presant

www.jenniferpresant.com



Born and raised in New York, Jennifer Presant received her B.F.A. from Washington University in St. Louis. She has studied at Lorenzo di Medici in Florence, and taken numerous classes at many of the art schools throughout New York City. After returning to New York, she worked as a graphic designer for years. Her background in design and facility with the computer influences both the composition and content of her work. Bold compositions and flattened shapes get paired with an uncanny realism. Scenes shift seamlessly across the canvas. After deciding to leave the design field for her greater passion, painting, Jennifer received her M.F.A. from the New York Academy of Art. She is the recipient of the O. Alden James Junior Award, from the National Arts Club, the Prince of Whales Fellowship, and was awarded a juror's prize to be the artist in resident in St. Barths for the month of June. Presant has shown in various galleries throughout the country, and her paintings are held in several private collections. Her work has been featured in *American Art Collector*, *New American Paintings*, *Chicago Reader* and *Flavorpill*. Reviews include *The Chicago Sun-Times* and *The Chicago Tribune*. She is currently in two group shows in New York, and *Passing Through*, a solo exhibition of her work is now on view in St. Barths at the Eden Rock Gallery. Presant is represented by Linda Warren Gallery in Chicago and will have a solo show there in December. Jennifer lives and paints in New York City, where she both teaches privately and in the foundation art program at Queensborough Community College.



Sunday News oil on linen 23"x42"



Snowed In oil on linen 23"x42"



A Thin Covering oil on linen 23"x42"

Q&A JENNIFER PRESANT

Do you have a ritual you follow before each new work is started?

I clean up my studio. Often when finishing a painting, my studio becomes piled with papers and books. A clear space and a good cup of coffee or tea help me focus on the new work. I put on NPR or an upbeat piece of music and sit for a bit staring at my new canvas. Sometimes I'll even hang it on the wall and envision it being finished.

What medium have you not used in the past that you may wish to try out?

Since some of my paintings reference installations and video art, I think I'd like to try those mediums one day. Often I paint an invented space with a fictional narrative. It's as if I am documenting an installation that didn't exist. I wonder how my work might change from working first with the actual physical space. Models would be used, along with projections and objects.

How does your family life come

into play with your artistic life?

I do not have a family of my own yet, but I am close to my parents and brother. They have been very supportive of my art career throughout my life. However, the absence of my own family has played a role in my work. Many of my paintings are about the home, the longing for one and the one that you can't live in or go to anymore. The iconic house becomes a metaphor for the transitional stage of life I am in, or have been in for several years.

What will be your signature painting?

I think my signature painting might in fact be one of the first conceptual paintings I did for my graduate thesis project. Projection, Memory, Desire, I feel, at the time, was the culmination of my technical skills and conceptual ideas in one piece. Sometimes one will look back at old work and think, "look how far my work has come!" But sometimes, the opposite is true, and one wonders how to get back to that original idea or

quality! I hope since then I have made work that might have surpassed it in interest or quality, but I cannot always be the best judge of my own paintings.

Explain your process.

I start with sketches from my imagination. Various sketchbooks serve as visual diaries of ideas I have for paintings. In the course of my daily life, I find inspiration from most everything: from dreams, to current events, autobiographical narratives to poetry. If there are figures in the painting, I hire models, take photos and do oil sketches from life. While traveling, I take many photos of idyllic places. I look for images that move me, where the light is particularly beautiful or evocative, when the color washes over everything. These places all have personal significance for me, almost like autobiographical time capsules.

Color is a very important element in my work. I tend to favor cool color schemes, for their dream-like quality, but often pair warm and cool environments as well.



Still Moving oil on linen 23"x42"

"My paintings address the complexity of personal memory, by blurring the lines between recollection, projection and reality. Each painting becomes a psychological landscape or waking dream, reinforcing the fluid relationships between time, memory and place. By merging various locations, the spaces seem familiar yet strange and uninhabitable, consequently questioning the notion of *reality*."

JENNIFER PRESENT

Sometimes an area of saturated color is juxtaposed against a very monochromatic area for emphasis. When deciding to combine various spaces, the color is often one of the key elements. Either the light is drastically different or both scenes feel illuminated by the same source.

I then create digital compositions in photoshop with my source material and play around in the virtual reality until I find a composition that feels right. I use architectural elements to frame and divide the spaces and line up graphic elements. I search for that fine line between the strange and familiar, plausible enough to engage the viewer but leave an open-ended narrative. At first glance I like the image to feel as if it existed exactly as I painted it.

With photoshop, not only has the content of my paintings changed, my entire process of making art has been affected. The ability to reposition and combine images, colors and filters on the computer, enables me to have the kind of image making freedom that I wouldn't have with just my sketchbook. This process supports an ongoing theme of layered reality in my work.

Once I have finalized a digital composition, I draw the image on the canvas in charcoal and begin the actual painting. Even though I begin each work with a finalized composition in mind, I am constantly surprised by the unexpected turns a painting takes in the process.

How have social networks such as Facebook, Twitter and others

come into play with your art?

I don't think that they directly have an affect on my work, other than to say that the phenomenon of virtual reality is a subject of much of my work. The inundation of imagery in our culture and the technological distractions has distorted our sense of reality, and sense of place. The experience of being "here" or "there" has shifted.

Documentation or sharing of an event has surpassed the actual lived experience.

I also like the instant dialogue one can have with an extended network of artists and friends. Posting work on facebook, in progress or finished is very engaging. Painting can be isolating at times, so the network is really invaluable.



Passing Through oil on linen 9.5"x13.75"

Introspective: *Passing Through*

I started this series while doing a residency in Vermont, during winter, when it snowed every day. It was incredibly beautiful and cold, and I spent a lot of time looking out of windows. I started combining views from outside and inside and merging the two as a metaphor for the transient sense I had about being there. There was a slightly voyeuristic feeling of looking in or out at other spaces and people's lives.

The painting *Passing Through* was created during my recent month-long artist residency in St. Barths. The challenge was to create a body of work during the month for an entire solo show. Inherently, this was a bit daunting. However, I liked the particular challenge of responding to my environment, one in which my immediate impressions would be translated into unmediated visual narratives. I wanted to make paintings that were specific to the island, yet thematically felt like my work. While there I was struck by the streamlined modern design of the architecture and its often-abstracted geometric motifs juxtaposed against the wild natural beauty of the landscape. As a temporary visitor on the island, I felt transient and somewhat voyeuristic looking in, outside the culture of its inhabitants and tourists. My solution was to

create images that feel compressed as if several views collide, eliminating any real space to inhabit, and consequently questioning the notion of "reality." In this painting, I combined an outside view from a villa, with the mountainous landscape behind. The reflection in the window had to tie graphically and coloristically to the background so that the two spaces would seem related. I think in the little time I had, I was happy with how I accomplished making paintings that I liked, that reflected my experience of being there, while fitting into the larger context of my body of work.

JENNIFER PRESANT



Robert E. Wood



Robert E. Wood teaches at Georgia Tech and has found there a group of congenial writers in whose company he returned to poetry in 2007 after a hiatus of some 20 years. The interim was not entirely ill-spent as he has been teaching and writing about Shakespeare, Renaissance Literature, and Film. His chapbook *Gorizia Notebook* (Finishing Line Press, 2009) was conceived during a film studies program in Italy.

The Café Terrace on the Place du Forum

Vincent Van Gogh 1888

We know this terrace, color of wheat, color of sunflowers,
this outpost at the edge of a field of stars
where white bonfires are about to spiral out of control.

It's a place to stay when all else fails.
Tables and chairs spill onto the cobblestones,
but patrons cluster together close to the yellow wall.

The waiter's apron is chalk white
in this night that will not be denied its colors.
Windows peer from the dark with the eyes of cats.

We listen for the clopping of the horse
drawing a carriage into the light.

Introspective: *The Café Terrace on the Place du Forum*

I have been working for some time on a volume of ekphrastic poetry which examines both pictures (paintings, sketches, woodblocks, photos) and cinema, and find myself writing to make the pictures move and the movies stand still. I have been particularly concerned with 19th century pictures emanating from France and Japan, pictures that strike me as windows into lives and ways of life. Rarely can I write about a painting until the image is seared into my brain (though the process is far less painful than the metaphor would suggest).

So much of Van Gogh is folded into this painting. The

sky is about to explode into a starry night. The yellows of the café reflect his preoccupation with the color from his Yellow House to his sunflowers. The color yellow has an astonishing range of connotations for Van Gogh, who thinks of the color sometimes as buttery, sometimes as sulphurous. The café itself contrasts strongly with the boisterous cafés of the Paris Impressionists. It is a refuge, an alternative to morbid solitary thought. I imagine the scene quiet enough that a horse's hoofs striking the cobblestones produce the dominant sound, rhythmic and soothing.



William Palmer teaches English at Alma College in central Michigan. His poetry has appeared recently in *Ecotone*, *JAMA*, and *Salamander*. Grace Cavalieri has interviewed him for her public radio show *The Poet and the Poem* from the Library of Congress. His chapbook “A String of Blue Lights” was published by Pudding House in 2007. He is also the author of a textbook on college writing, *Discovering Arguments*.

A Slender Footprint

A slender footprint lives
in two places in the sidewalk
at my house. It's a bare footprint
deep enough to register
grace. It could be a boy's

but I see it as a girl's. She is seven
years old in July 1950. She is wearing
an old sundress, cool as a sheet.
She is running, doing cartwheels
then sitting under a red maple.

The men who laid the concrete have just left.
Her father isn't home yet.
Her mother is napping inside the parlor.
The cement is gray, thick, and smooth.
She can't help but mark it with herself.

But she does it so it looks
as if she steps her right foot just before the front porch
and steps her left foot over the entire house
landing it on the sidewalk just past the driveway,
as if she enters and leaves at once.

She brushes each foot through the cool grass and smiles.
The sun starts to lean down.
A breeze stirs through her.
She rests on the green boulevard, her arms propped
behind her, her feet a little grainy.

Maybe no one will notice, she wonders.

Introspective: A Slender Footprint

Most of my poems begin with an observation of some image — such as a slender footprint. I notice it and it stirs my wonder. I had noticed the footprint by our front porch for several years before I wrote the poem. The print strikes me as beautiful, perhaps because I remember holding the feet of my sons when they were young. I also like the tension implied in making a footprint: this act for a child involves temptation that is hard to resist. I like the playful child because she did not resist it — in her happiness that day she's a little wild, and perhaps she knows that her parents won't mind. I like writing poems like this that don't hinge on pain or sorrow. Rather, this poem celebrates something small and wonderful.

Past Contributor:

<http://robertneffson.com>



Robert Neffson is a native New Yorker who does paintings of various cities around the world. They have been exhibited extensively in the United States and London and included in many international collections. He has a Masters of Fine Arts with honors from Boston University and received many grants and scholarships for his work, including a Greenshields Grant and a Fulbright Fellowship to Rome, Italy. He taught for years in American universities and is now painting full time.

Recently photos of his paintings and an essay on him by John Russell Taylor were featured in the book *Exactitude, Hyperrealist Art Today* published by Thames and Hudson (Taylor, John Russell. *Exactitude: Hyperrealist Art Today*, April 2009). For an exhibition catalogue on the painter Clive Head, he authored the introduction and contributed a selection of his letters from their correspondence (Clive Head, London: *Marlborough Fine Art*, 2007). He has had numerous one man shows in New York City and is currently represented by Louis K. Meisel and Bernarducci.Meisel Galleries. They are known for originating the term "Photorealism" and showing some of the best artists in the world.



ROBERT NEFFSON



Detail - Columbus Circle, Early Spring

Past Contributor: HUBERT DE LARTIQUE



www.hubertdelartigue.com

Hubert de Lartigue lives and works in Vitry-sur-Seine, not far from Paris. After finishing his studies in graphic arts, he worked in a packaging design studio as a freelance hyperrealist illustrator. At the same time he worked in publishing, creating a wide range of covers for science-fiction novels and video games. At the end of the eighties, he started work on a series of pin-ups and started commissioning models to pose for him. His first exhibition was held at the Louis K. Meisel Gallery in 2000. In 2003 he found his Muse, Octavie, who encouraged him to pursue painting. He has made more than a dozen paintings of her since that time along with other models. Hubert de Lartigue's painting continued to evolve and in 2004 he had his first exhibition at the Frédéric Bosser Gallery. His success encouraged him to continue on this path and he has since continued to create new works; portraits and nudes of women which have been exhibited in Paris and New York.

Hubert paints in ink and acrylic on linen canvas that he coats and sands down until he obtains a smooth surface. He works from photographs that he takes himself in his studio. Using a paintbrush and airbrush, the sizes of his works vary from 40 x 40cm (15.7 x 15.7in) to 130 x 89cm (51.2 x 35 in). Working fulltime everyday, it can take anywhere from one week up to a month to create a single painting.

His newest work will be on view at the grand opening of the new, expanded exhibition space of Bernarducci.Meisel.Gallery on 57th Street in New York from September 30th through November 15th.



Sushi acrylic on canvas 51.18"x35.03"



Melanie acrylic on canvas 51.18"x35.03"



Les Agates acrylic on cavas 51.18"x35.03"



W and W acrylic on cavas 51.18"x35.03"

Past Contributor:

www.bernardotorrens.com

Since 1980 Bernardo Torrens has been a full time artist. He is self-taught, and never attended an art school. Since 1992 he has been showing regularly in Europe and the US, mainly in Art Fairs, both solo and group shows, and a few museum shows as well. His last solo show took place in NYC at Bernraducci Meissel Gallery.





Melania I acrylic on wood 25.6"x21.25"cm

